

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN HARVEY BIRCH, BY THE PIRATICAL STEAMER NASHVILLE.

Our paper of to-day contains a sketch which cannot fail to embitter the feeling of every American towards the English Government and its *protégés*, the pirates of the Southern Confederacy; for we regret to say that the most outrageous act Lord Palmerston has committed towards the United

States is the harboring of the pirate ship Nashville, after the barbarous and cowardly exploit of burning an unarmed merchant vessel, almost within sight of the island sarcastically called the "Home of the Oppressed." And if there were one thing needed to brand pirate on the Nashville's bow, it was published the day after that vessel's arrival in Southampton waters, and in Lord Palmerston's own journal, the *Hampshire Telegraph*, which states, that in going over the Nashville, "they were surprised to find that the

officers only were Americans, the crew being, without an exception, composed of Irish, English, Scotch and Portuguese." Surely such a combination could not fall, under the circumstances, to be piratical. One would have thought that the common instincts of the commercial queen of the world would have revolted at such an insult as the entrance of a pirate ship into one of her great ports, with 29 peaceful sailors in irons, and those 29 sailors the citizens of a nation which gave to her young representative, only a few months be-



BURNING OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN, HARVEY BIRCH, OF NEW YORK, CAPT. NELSON, IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL, BY THE REBEL STEAMER NASHVILLE, CAPT. FRAGRIM, ON THE 17TH NOVEMBER.

fore, a reception such as he had never met with in his native land. We are convinced that no civilized nation ever so far forgot its common manhood, as has England in the reception she has given to the pirate vessel Nashville. The whole particulars of the capture having been published in our daily papers, we confine ourselves to the bare facts of the capture and burning of the Harvey Birch, in illustration of our sketch.

On the 17th of November, the Harvey Birch, a splendid New York vessel of 1,480 tons, and valued at \$150,000, was on her way from Havre to New York in ballast, commanded by Captain Nelson, with officers and crew, all told, 29 men. In latitude 49.6 north, longitude 9.52 west, she was brought to by the pirate Nashville, and boarded by an officer and a boat's crew, who took the crew of the Birch on board the Nashville, robbed the vessel of everything valuable, and then, true to their piratical character, set fire to the vessel, the chief pirate, Peagrim, watching her destruction from his own deck. After this needlessly brutal act the Nashville steamed into Southampton, with 29 American seamen in irons, and in full defiance of the Queen's Proclamation, landed her captives and took her position in the Southampton docks. An English paper thus describes the triumphal entry of the pirate ship into the great commercial port of the English Channel:

"At half-past twelve o'clock the Nashville arrived off the entrance of the docks, and at one P. M. was moored alongside the north jetty, which was literally besieged with spectators. She brought as passengers, under orders of the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Peyton and Lady. Colonel Peyton is on special duty for the State of North Carolina, and notwithstanding the length of the voyage and the heavy weather experienced throughout her passage, which carried away portions of her paddle-boxes, etc., they are in good health. He says that there are 750,000 bales of cotton of the old crop, and over 4,000,000 bales of the new crop, and \$50,000,000 worth of tobacco and naval stores ready for shipment.

"Captain Peagrim is an old officer of the United States Navy, and bore a conspicuous part in the Mexican War, in the Paraguay and Japan expeditions, and during the war waged by the English and French in China. For his distinguished services his native State of Virginia voted him, by the unanimous voice of the General Assembly of the Legislature, a splendid sword; and Sir John Sterling, in his despatches to the Admiralty, makes the following mention of him: 'It is impossible to speak too highly of the American co-operating party engaged. They were with the Ratler, emulating each other in the thickest of the attack. But my warmest thanks in particular are due to Lieutenant Peagrim, the American senior officer; his encouragement of the men, and coolness under a heavy fire, and determined bravery when surrounded by a persevering and revengeful foe, was conspicuous to all.' First Lieutenant Fauntleroy was aide-de-camp to General Johnson at the battle of Manassas. Second Lieutenant Bennett served there in the naval battery, while one youngster on board named Cary received his appointment as midshipman in the Confederate navy as a reward for distinguished gallantry in the same action. The remainder of her company, chiefly Scotch and Irish, consists of two mates, eight midshipmen, paymaster, surgeon, engineer and staff, firemen, coal trimmers and crew, amounting in all to some sixty men.

"The Nashville does not carry a very formidable armament, having only two English 12-pounder rifled guns, of Captain Blakeley's manufacture. She is of 1,100 tons burden and 800 horse power, and was built for the passenger and coasting trade between New York and Charleston. Though by no means qualified to make a thoroughly efficient ship-of-war, she is superior to many that have been adopted into the service of the belligerents. Like most American passenger steamers, she is fitted with a deck-house and hurricane-deck, which would have to be removed before she could be made to answer even tolerably as a gunboat. Her paddle-wheels are, of course, a great drawback to her utility for actual warfare, while her machinery, being scarcely below the level of the deck, would, in all probability, be disabled by the first shot. She is a good model, and in smooth water and proper trim her speed is over fifteen knots an hour. In spite of her top-heavy appearance she speaks of her qualities as a seaboat, and of her performance during a succession of heavy gales, in terms of the highest praise. She is sister ship to the James Adger, Federal war-sloop, of eight guns."

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

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The Complication with Great Britain--Peace or War?

OUR relations with Great Britain constitute the absorbing question of the day. If the accounts which reach us from England are to be relied on, the British Government has seized upon certain informalities in the proceedings of Com. Wilkes, in the case of the Trent, to fusten a quarrel on the United States. That Com. Wilkes had the right to stop and search the Trent, is conceded; that the vessel was knowingly carrying contraband officers and dispatches of a nature making her liable to seizure, is not denied; and that she might have been captured and brought into an American port, is virtually admitted.

But the British Government claims that finding contraband of war on board the Trent, or what he regarded as such, it became the duty of Com. Wilkes to take her into port, to be passed on by a formal Court of Admiralty. In other words, that no naval officer of a belligerent power has the right to proceed to the seizure or confiscation of persons or property, on his own adjudication—that being an ultimate procedure, only lawful under the judgment of a competent court.

No one in America pretends to controvert this claim; the proceedings of Com. Wilkes were irregular, in so far as he permitted the Trent to escape, and in taking upon himself to determine the status of Mason and Slidell. The Secretary of the Navy has so pronounced them, and has warned the officers of the Government that they are not to be regarded as a precedent.

The allegation, so freely and so positively made, at the outset, by the British press, that the proceedings of Com. Wilkes were taken under express orders from Washington, we all know to be untrue. That officer acted on his own responsibility, and if he failed in carrying out the full require-

ments of Maritime and International Law, it was from considerations which, if not wholly valid in a rigid interpretation of the law, were, nevertheless, of weight, and ought to go far to excuse any technical or other omission on his part. Com. Wilkes has stated what were these considerations; 1st, because he was short-handed, and could not, therefore, spare the requisite prize officers and crew to take the Trent into port; and 2d, because of the "derangement, loss and inconvenience" to which the seizure would subject "many innocent persons." He, consequently, sacrificed the interest of himself and his crew in what he believed was a good prize in law, and contented himself in taking out of the Trent those contraband officers, whose success in reaching their destination would inflict damage on his country.

This is a fair and truthful statement of the case as regards the issue raised by the British Government against the United States. That there was no intention to "insult the British flag" is evident from the circumstance that the seizure of the Rebel Commissioners on board the Trent was made equally without the knowledge or orders of the Government, and from the circumstance that the vessel was allowed to escape the penalty of its violation of law, out of regard for the innocent persons covered by that proscribed flag. There is no evidence of an *animus* hostile to Great Britain in the whole proceeding, but, on the contrary, strong presumptions of friendly feeling and action, almost to the extent of violating the rights of the United States.

Such being the case, it would seem to any impartial and dispassionate mind perfectly easy to adjust the whole question as between the two Governments. The United States can, with truth and without any sacrifice of dignity, disclaim any purpose of insult to Great Britain. It can apologise—as it has already done before the world—for any short comings of Commander Wilkes, and engage that no false sympathy for "innocent passengers" shall again stand in the way of the rigid and inexorable execution of maritime law. If required, as a condition of good understanding with a power which has shown such a tender regard for our rights and feelings as Great Britain has done in the case of the pirate steamer Nashville, we may go to the extent of cashing Commander Wilkes for anticipating the decision of the Courts in confiscating the contraband Ambassadors. England has set us more than one example of thus punishing assumptions of responsibility on the part of its officers; only it has been made a subject of remark that the disgraced officers invariably reappear after a reasonable lapse of time, in a higher rank, and invested with higher powers.

We do not yet know precisely what are the demands of Great Britain in the premises. If they are limited to a disclaimer of intent to insult, an admission of imperfect compliance with the requirements of public law, and an apology for the assumptions of a naval officer acting without orders or specific instructions, or even if they extend to a demand for dismissal from the service of the derelict commander of the San Jacinto; then, we repeat, an adjustment of the case may be prompt and easy.

But if we are to credit the English papers, which, on this occasion, have betrayed an animosity and virulence without precedent, Great Britain has not limited herself to these demands. The London *Morning Post*, the acknowledged organ of Lord Palmerston, says:

"We have, therefore, no hesitation in asserting that dispatches will be at once forwarded to Lord Lyons, instructing him to claim the persons of the gentlemen taken from under the protection of the English flag, together with an adequate apology for the outrage committed by the Captain of the San Jacinto. If these demands are not at once complied with, Lord Lyons will break off diplomatic relations with the Cabinet of Washington and return to this country."

Assuming this indication of the nature of the demands on our Government to be correct, and that these demands embrace as a *sine qua non* the surrender of Mason and Slidell, then the prospect of any peaceable adjustment of the complication is small indeed. If such a demand has been made, it has been made with a purpose premeditated, and with the fixed design of forcing a war on the United States. That such a purpose exists outside of any provocation or wrongs incident to the Trent affair, we all know. It has been shown in every possible way ever since the outbreak of the Southern rebellion. It was manifested in the prompt recognition of the rebels as "belligerents," in the impunity with which arms and contraband of every description have been shipped from British for Southern ports; in the impunity with which vessels have been allowed to be fitted out to prey on our commerce; and in the hospitalities which have been shown to the pirate steamer Nashville, in the port of Southampton. It has been shown also in the tone and nature of the correspondence which has passed between the Legation of Great Britain in this country and the Government. The time has arrived when Great Britain conceives that she can safely strike a blow at our greatness, rid herself of a successful rival on the ocean, renew a monopoly of manufactures, and break down a system of government which threatens an extension to her own soil, to the destruction of the aristocratic and ecclesiastical oligarchy which oppresses it. If she has not earlier attempted our destruction, it has been because she did not foresee our greatness, or was afraid of our power. But now when we are absorbed with our domestic troubles and engaged in a struggle with the foe in front, she steals behind us, with a lying pretext, and plants her treacherous dagger in our back. She has professed abhorrence of Slavery, and now hugs slaveholders to her bosom. She has denounced privateering as piracy, and welcomes pirate vessels to her harbors. In a word, there is no phase of self-stultification, no possible form of hypocrisy, and no depth of selfishness, of which she is not guilty.

Knowing all this, no one will be surprised to learn officially, that she has demanded the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell—not as a vindication of any technical violation of public law, but because she knows that the demand will not be complied with, and that she will thus have a pretext for war.

It has been suggested—and we are astounded that the suggestion has been entertained for a moment by any portion of the press—that we should remove this pretext, and purchase a present immunity from invasion by compliance with the demand. But who is so shortsighted as not to

perceive that other pretexts will be created for satisfying a foregone purpose?

By any concession of the kind indicated, we shall not only sacrifice our own self-respect, forfeit our prestige before the world, and invite the insults of every petty power of Europe, but also pamper the arrogance of a traditional and unscrupulous enemy, and encourage him to new and more humiliating demands. Considered as a question of policy, concession in this respect would be a fatal error.

But there are other considerations, and higher ones than that of policy. Whatever irregularities there may have been in the arrest of Mason and Slidell, they are traitorous subjects of the United States, equitably amenable to seizure and equally amenable to the penalties imposed by our laws. In any other country than ours, they would long ago have expiated their crimes on the gallows. Is the monstrous doctrine to be admitted that, because a murderer has been arrested by an officer of justice, and was not handcuffed as the law provides, that therefore he is to be set free? Must the community and the nation suffer, because its agent, while complying with the spirit, did not observe all the technicalities of the statute? Faugh! The interests and necessities of the nation, its rights and its dignity, rise above all such special pleading.

We are not insensible to the difficulties, or if the word suits better, the dangers of a war with England. But we think they are likely to be overrated, and that in any event they are not to be weighed against the sacrifice of the National honor; and if war is to come—if England, as would appear, is determined to force a quarrel on us—why we know of no time better than the present. We have more than half a million of men in arms, enough to take care of the rebellion. We can easily put another half a million in the field for coast defence and the invasion of Canada. We can put a thousand privateers on the ocean; for, thank Heaven, England refused, in the hope of furthering the interests of her Southern allies, to accept our proffered adhesion to the Paris declarations, abolishing privateering! We can put an embargo on the export of grain and specie; shut our great market now open for English manufactures; fan the fires of rebellion in Ireland, and defy the whole boasted power of Great Britain.

"But her fleet?" whispers Timidity! Yes, that fleet which sailed to crush Cronstadt and Sebastopol, and (with the aid of France!) reduced the petty fortification of Boomersund, and shelled Sweaborg, at a respectful distance! "And her army?" Precisely! Which never could have occupied enough of Russian soil for its own graveyard, except it had been supported by the French! "Iron-plated ships?" Which remain to be tested, and which we can build as well as Britain!

"But worst of all," ejaculates Timidity, "she will support the South, and from that vantage ground assail us?" So be it! If England or her rebel allies seek the inauguration of wide-spread and overwhelming servile war, let the responsibility be on their own heads! The torch which may light that great conflagration, consuming alike the Baal of Cotton and its worshippers, is poised in no unsteady hand. One-half of the continent may perhaps again be reduced to barbarism, through English intervention, but the Nation will survive all, and rise to more than pristine glory and power—a glory heightened and a power assured by its refusal to submit to hostile dictation, in the days of its greatest tribulation and peril!

The War and the Metropolis.

It is a source of congratulation that the consequences of war have been visited so lightly on the people of the loyal States. Providence has filled their granaries, while it has stricken the harvest of the civilised world with blight; and they have themselves adapted their expenditures and habits of life to the exigencies of the times, with a self-sacrificing spirit as worthy of their cause as creditable to their appreciations of a sound economy. Except in some parts of Missouri and Kentucky, where the ebb and flow of the tide of war has left the country a waste, there has never been less crime, less idleness, less want, and less suffering at the commencement of any New Year within our history. There are a number of obvious reasons for this condition of things, such as the occupation afforded in the army for idle hands, and the demands for labor which military operations have created in many departments of industry. When the rebel leaders undertook the destruction of the Union, they prophesied that within six months "grass would cover the streets of New York," and "mobs, furious with hunger, would raise the hoarse cry of 'bread or blood!'" Yet a year has passed, and the metropolis was never more busy, never more orderly, and never so free from want and suffering. The numbers in our prisons and almshouses are less than they have been for years, and the cases requiring relief from the charitable are little greater than they were when the city had but two-thirds of its present population. We speak from the "record," afforded by the annual report of the "New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor." From that report it appears that the number of families relieved in 1861 was 8,532, against 9,281 in 1859, 13,842 in 1857, and 15,584 in 1855; while out-door relief was administered to only 67,464, against 74,992 in 1860.

Another gratifying fact appears from the report, which finds no parallel in the statistics of no other great city in the world. It is that the Savings Banks hold upwards of \$40,000,000 of deposits, nearly all from mechanics and laborers. Upwards of 40,000 families have sums opposite their names ranging from \$500 to \$1,500—a comfortable reserve against want.

Of course, we cannot expect to put down the most formidable insurrection the world ever saw and preserve our country and its institutions, without a desperate struggle or without much suffering. But there seems to be an arrangement of circumstances, and a "tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb," which betoken a High and Providential interposition in our behalf, and promise us a safe and happy deliverance from our troubles.

CONTRABAND COTTON.—The steamer *Atlantic*, which arrived at this port on the 29th of December, brought a cargo of 120,000 pounds of Sea Island cotton, picked by the negroes under direction of Government agents. Four hundred thousand pounds of this staple had been secured up to the time the *Atlantic* sailed, and would be forwarded by the next steamer.

THE FEELING IN IRELAND.—England cannot expect the cordial co-operation of Ireland in the wicked and wanton war which she is endeavoring to force on this country. The two millions of Irishmen in the United States, who have contributed so much towards its greatness, are bound to their kindred in the Green Isle by a thousand ties of blood and sympathy. And their friends on the old sod will be loth to raise the sword against the country which was their house of refuge when the oppressions of England became unbearable, and which has opened wide its granaries when famine was inside the cot, and the English landlord's heartless agent at the door. The following resolution adopted by the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick, of Dublin, at a late meeting of the Society, may be taken as an exponent of the dominant Irish sentiment:

"Resolved, That we have viewed with the deepest sorrow the fratricidal war in which the States of America have been engaged, and that, in the presence of the possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States, we implore our fellow-countrymen on the American continent to remember the deep obligation under which they lie to the friendly and compassionate Government of the United States, and the debt which they owe to the Government which permitted their homes in Ireland to be levelled—which drove them into exile by oppression."

Still more distinct was the expression of a great mass meeting held in the Rotunda of Dublin, at which the following resolutions were passed by acclamation:

"Resolved, That the population of the Great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth and Irish blood, it would be unnatural to suppose that Ireland could remain an indifferent spectator of the struggle between England and America."

"Resolved, That the events of the hour imperatively dictate to all Irishmen a forgetfulness of the past differences, and a united rally for the old cause of their country."

"Resolved, That a Chairman, two Secretaries and a Committee of 21 members, each having been duly and separately proposed and seconded, be chosen by a majority of voices at this mass meeting, to take into consideration the advisability of an organization in the present state of affairs at home and abroad."

HARBOR DEFENCES.—It is stated that the offer made by Col. Lotters to the Governor of the State, to put the 7th Regiment in the harbor forts, and instruct them in artillery practice, has been renewed by the Colonel. The importance of having a thousand trained artillerymen for the defence of the metropolis, in case of a war with England, cannot be over-estimated. Of course, the Governor will accept the offer. Not a day should be lost in making preparations for every emergency.

THE MOTIVE OF REBELLION.—On the 27th of December of last year (1860), Hon. J. H. Hammond, once Governor of South Carolina, and then Senator from that State, wrote as follows:

"You see, what I have often told you, that Slavery is stronger than the Union. I don't think there is the least chance of reconstructing the Confederation on the former basis. We will have no other Union than one in which the slave power shall be largely and permanently predominant. We can be secure in no other."

REBEL RHETORIC.—We suspect that Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has had the aid of Kelt, of South Carolina, in the composition of his "Inaugural," lately delivered. *Vide* the subjoined passage from the address aforesaid:

"Sooner than submit, let the last man in the Confederacy die nobly at the point of the bayonet, and our wives and children, and all the property we possess, perish together on one common funeral pile; and let the winds that pass over our graves, and chant our funeral dirge, tell to other generations, in other climes, that we lived freemen and we died freemen."

BIDDING TIME.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, condemning the cowardly, ungenerous policy of Great Britain, in endeavoring to add to our embarrassments at a time when we are straining every nerve to vindicate our honor and the national integrity, observes that it may be wise policy to accede to her demands, unjust though they be, in order to successfully crush out rebellion, reserving a settlement of our accounts with England for a more favorable period. He adds:

"It will be a great act of self-denial. But when we come from this rebellion it will be with a magnificent army, educated and organized, and with the sense of this wrong weighing upon them. It will be with a navy competent to meet any navy upon the globe. It will be for us, then, to remember how England was our enemy in the day of our misfortune, and to make that remembrance a dark and fearful page of her history, and an eternal memory in our own."

FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Newspaper, under the editorial charge of the Hon. E. G. Squier, is rapidly rising to a position of influence, worthy of the high quality of the art embellishments which have always characterized it. Mr. Squier's able pen and careful management are seen in the entire conduct of the journal. Frank Leslie has just issued in one bound volume the first ten numbers of the "Pictorial History of the War of 1861," also edited by Mr. Squier. This volume is very interesting for reference, and very valuable as presenting the "form and features" of the time. The rage for pictorial history has received a new impulse during the war. Thousands hasten every week to possess the graphic pictures of the illustrated journals, and none can surpass in accuracy and in the requirements of art those published by Leslie.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*, Dec. 12.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—As the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia is now agitated, it may be of general interest to know that, according to the recent census, the number of slaves in Georgetown is 577, in Washington 1,744, and in the remainder of the District 834, making a total of 3,155. Free blacks in the district, 11,131. Total population of Washington, 61,122.

THE JEWS.—Hon. F. A. Conkling, of this city, has laid before Congress a petition from the Board of Delegates of American Israelites for a revision of the law which provides that Army Chaplains "must be regularly ordained ministers of some Christian denomination." They represent that this provision of the law is in contravention of that clause of the Constitution of the United States (art. vi., sec. 3), which declares that no religious test shall be established "as a qualification for office under the United States." Our Jewish fellow-citizens are right, and the discrimination against them, although probably not intended, and practically of not much importance, should nevertheless be abolished. We lately made a treaty with Switzerland, which the Convocation of the Cantons for a long time refused to ratify on the ground that it stipulated for equal rights for all classes of our citizens, while the presence of Jews in some of the Cantons was prohibited by the local laws. We insisted on the point, and carried it, the Cantons in which those laws existed (if we mistake not) repelling them to meet the exigency. We certainly should not insist on rights for Hebrews abroad which we deny them at home. Besides, all religious tests and discriminations are wrong, and repugnant to the age and our institutions.

THE REBEL FLAG.—The insurgents are discontented with their flag. "Its adoption," says the *Richmond Dispatch*, "was a natural but most pernicious blunder." It adds that the rebels should have kept the old flag and made the Yankees invent a new one, or else have made one entirely distinct, and under no possible circumstances to be mistaken for "the Stars and Stripes." The *Dispatch* follows out its criticisms thus:

"There is but one feature essential to a flag, and that is distinctness. Beauty, appropriateness, good taste, are all desirable, but the only thing indispensable is distinctness—wide, plain, unmistakable distinction from other flags. Unfortunately this indispensable thing is just the thing which the Confederate flag lacks. And failing in this, it is a lamentable and total failure, absolute and irredeemable. The failure is in a matter of essence. It is as complete as that of writing which cannot be read—of a gun which cannot be shot—of a coat which cannot be worn. It is the play of 'Hamlet,' with the part of Hamlet left out. A flag which does not distinguish, may be a very nice piece of bunting—it may be handsomely executed, tasteful, expressive and a thousand other things, but it has no title at all to bear the name of flag."

"FORT GREENHOW."—This is the popular name in Washington for the house in which female "suspects" are kept under judicious surveillance. It takes its designation from its former occupant, who has lately addressed a letter to the Secretary of State on the subject of his arrests, which shows some knowledge of civil rights as well as skill with the pen. A correspondent of the *World* says of the Port:

"As I strolled slowly by I could see very little indications of its prison character. A lazy sentinel was standing in front of it, to be sure, but he held his musket like an umbrella, and was busy chatting with some gossiping friend. There was a chair before the front door, but the door was closed, the lower windows looked uncommonly dirty, and there were no bars at all. The women are restricted to the second floor, and as I passed some of them were visible. In the yard beside the house there is a tall round tent, and soldiers' blankets and accoutrements hang on the fences and the clothes-lines, while idle-looking men in uniform loiter about the premises as if they felt they had a right there."

PORTLAND.—The most important port of the United States, in case of war with England, will be Portland, Maine. It is the key of the Canadas for the greater part of the year, when the St. Lawrence is blocked by ice. It will be the first point which England will attempt to seize. It is the real seaport of Quebec and Montreal. The railway extending thence to the latter city will enable us to throw an overwhelming force on Lower Canada, and cut off Canada West from succor, while we invade it from our Niagara frontier. Let us therefore take care of Portland. Its fortifications have been neglected hitherto—the South always defeating appropriations for their perfection. Not a moment should be lost in strengthening them. "Fortify" and "arm" should be our watchwords.

NEGRO ESCORT.—The *London Herald* prints a letter from a Mr. Lunn, an Englishman resident in New Orleans, in which he says:

"There are 250 Yankee prisoners expected here this evening, and there is a regiment of blacks detailed to escort the Northern gentlemen to the prison. That will be an honor to them."

PORTRAIT OF A YANKEE.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, who recently visited the rebels at Columbus, has sketched some of their officers, among others Gen. Cheatham, of Tennessee, who has sworn not to shave or cut his hair during the war. The General favored the correspondent with his notice of Yankees as follows:

"Tread on a Yankee's toes, and he will buy a box of blacking and compel you to pay for it. Tell him he is a liar, he will pull out his pocket-book and bet you two dollars and a half you can't prove it. But just put your hand in his pocket and pull out half a dollar, when he will pitch in, and ten to one he'll lick you."

INDIAN ALLIES OF REBELLION.—A little paper is published by a pamphlet printing establishment, which accompanies Gen. Price's army in Missouri, called the *Army Argus*. It thus refers to Price's savage auxiliaries:

"The six regiments of Indians, for service in this section, are a fine-looking, heavy built set of men. They are desperate warriors, and true Southerners, and express great anxiety to meet the Lincoln forces. In fact they are 'spilling for a fight.' One regiment of 915 are armed exclusively with bows and arrows, scaling knives and tomahawks. Whenever the great battle is fought, if every one of them does not grace his hut with at least one Federal scalp, then we are deceived."

MILITARY PROCLAMATIONS.—The justice of our remarks of last week, under this heading, has had a signal illustration in the proclamation of Brigadier-General Phelps, at Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi river. Here, on a barren sand bar, with not a solitary rebel nearer than the mainland, this officer has issued a manifesto, in the extreme Abolition sense, that can never reach "Secession," except through the Northern newspapers, which only copy it as an unparalleled illustration of human folly. Of course, it will be considered throughout the South as an exposition of National policy, inspired, if not actually written by President Lincoln himself! Gen. Butler, who is really to command the forces at Ship Island, indignantly disclaims Gen. Phelps's proclamation. But the mischief is done, past remedy. We have now not less than 110 Brigadier-Generals, and we see no reason why we shall not have 110 different and conflicting expositions of National policy, unless the Government puts a stop to this vicious practice of "proclaiming" on the part of its military commanders. A temperate, concise, yet at the same time explicit exposition of the policy and purposes of the Government should be drawn up by the Cabinet, which it should be made the duty of the army to circulate as it advances; but beyond that, officers should be enjoined to keep silence. If reticence cannot be secured in any other way, why, let us cut off their supplies of ink and paper—that failing, recall them!

Gen. Scott on the Complication with England.

We publish below, in full, a most dispassionate and judicious letter from Lieut.-Gen. Scott, now in Paris, on the complications with England, growing out of the affair of the Trent. Unless Great Britain is determined to force a quarrel on this country, and intends to cherish this Trent affair as a pretext, Gen. Scott's letter must exercise a wholesome influence. Hitherto Gen. Scott's achievements with the pen have not been eminently successful; but his present letter is worthy of a place with the best productions of our most eminent statesmen. It is dated

"PARIS, December 2, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR—You were right in doubting the declaration imputed to me, to wit: that the Cabinet at Washington had given orders to seize Messrs. Mason and Slidell, even under a neutral flag, for I was not even aware that the Government had had that point under consideration. At the time of my leaving New York it was not known that the San Jacinto had returned to the American coast; and it was generally supposed those persons had escaped to Cuba for the purpose of re-embarking in the Nashville, in pursuit of which vessel the James Adger and other cruisers had been dispatched.

"I think I can satisfy you in a few words that you have no serious reason to feel concerned about our relations with England, if, as her rulers profess, she has no disposition to encourage the discussion in America.

"In the first place, it is almost superfluous to say to you, that every instinct of prudence, as well as of good neighborhood, prompts our Government to regard no honorable sacrifice too great for the preservation of the friendship of Great Britain. This must be obvious to all the world. At no period of our history has our friendship been of more importance to our people, at no period has our Government been in a condition to make greater concessions to preserve it. The two nations are united by interests and sympathies—commercial, social, political and religious—almost as the two arms to one body, and no one is so ignorant as not to know that what harms one must harm the other in a corresponding degree.

"I am persuaded that the British Government can entertain no doubt upon this point; but if it does, I feel that I may take it upon myself to say that the President of the United States, when made aware of its existence, will lose no opportunity of dispelling it.

"Nor is there anything, I venture to affirm, in the seizure of these rebel emissaries which ought to receive an unfriendly construction from England. Her statesmen will not question the legal right of an American vessel of war to search any commercial vessel justly suspected of transporting contraband of war. That right has never been surrendered by England; it was even guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Paris; and British guns browbeating down upon nearly every strait and inland sea upon the globe are conclusive evidence that she regards this right as one of the efficacy of which may be not yet entirely exhausted. Of course there is much that is irritating and vexatious in the exercise of this right under the most favorable circumstances, and it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when the maritime States of the world will agree in placing neutral commerce beyond the reach of such vexations.

"The United States Government has been striving to this end for more than 50 years; to this end early in the present century, and in its infancy as a nation it embarked in a war with the greatest naval power in the world, and it is even now a persistent suitor at every maritime court in Europe for a more liberal recognition of the rights of neutrals than any of the other great maritime nations have yet been disposed to make. But till those rights are secured by proper international guarantees, upon a comprehensive and enduring basis, of course England cannot complain of an act for which, in all its material bearings, her own naval history affords such numerous precedents.

"Whether the captives from the Trent were contraband of war or not is a question which the two Governments can have no serious difficulty in agreeing upon. If Mr. Seward cannot satisfy Earl Russell that they were, I have no doubt Earl Russell will be able to satisfy Mr. Seward that they were not. If they were, as all authorities concur in admitting, agents of the rebellion, it will be difficult to satisfy impartial minds that they were any less contraband than a file of rebel soldiers or a battery of hostile cannon.

"But even should there be a difference of opinion upon this point, it is very clear that our Government had sufficient grounds for presuming itself in the right, to escape the suspicion of having wantonly violated

the relations of amity which the two countries profess a desire to preserve and cultivate.

"The pretence that we ought to have taken the Trent into port, and had her condemned by a prize court, in order to justify our seizure of four of her passengers, furnishes a very narrow basis on which to fix a serious controversy between two great nations. Stated in other words, an offence would have been less if it had been greater. The wrong done to the British flag would have been mitigated if, instead of seizing the four rebels, we had seized the ship, detained all her passengers for weeks, and confiscated her cargo. I am not surprised that Captain Wilkes took a different view of his duty, and of what was due to the friendly relations which subsisted between the two Governments. The renowned common sense of the English people, I believe, will approve of his effort to make the discharge of a very unpleasant duty as little vexatious as possible to all innocent parties.

"If, under these circumstances, England should deem it her duty, in the interest of civilization, to insist upon the restoration of the men taken from under the protection of her flag, it will be from a conviction, without doubt, that the law of nations in regard to the rights of neutrals, which she has taken the leading part in establishing, requires revision, and with a suitable disposition on her part to establish those rights upon a just, humane and philosophic basis. Indeed, I am happy to see an intimation in one of the leading metropolitan journals which goes far to justify this inference. Referring to the decisions of the English Admiralty Courts now quoted in defence of the seizure of the American rebels on board the Trent, the *London Times* of the 28th of November says:

"So far as the authorities go, the testimony of the international law writers is all one way, that a belligerent war cruiser has the right to stop and visit and search any merchant ship upon the high seas. * * * But it must be remembered that these decisions were given under circumstances very different from those which now occur. Steamers in those days did not exist, and mail vessels carrying letters wherein all the nations of the world have immediate interest, were unknown. We were fighting for existence, and we did in those days what we should neither do nor allow others to do, nor expect ourselves to be allowed to do in these days."

"If England, as we are here encouraged to hope, is disposed to do her part in stripping war of half its horrors by accepting the policy long and persistently urged upon her by our Government, and commended by every principle of justice and humanity, she will find no ground, in the visit of the Trent, for controversy with our Government. I am sure the President and people of the United States would be but too happy to let these men go free, unnatural and unpardonable as their offences have been, if by it they could emancipate the commerce of the world. Greatly as it would be to our disadvantage at this present crisis to surrender any of those maritime privileges of belligerents which, sanctioned by the laws of nations, I feel that I take no responsibility in saying that the United States will be faithful to her traditional policy upon this subject, and to the spirit of her political institutions.

"On the other hand, should England be unprepared to make a corresponding sacrifice, should she feel that she could not yet afford to surrender the advantages which the present maritime code gives to a dominant naval power, of course she will not put herself in a false position by asking us to do it. In either case, therefore, I do not see how the friendly relations of the two Governments are in any immediate danger of being disturbed.

"That the over prompt recognition, as belligerents, of a body of men, however large, so long as they constituted a manifest minority of the nation, wounded the feelings of my countrymen deeply I will not affect to deny, nor that that act, with some of its logical consequences which have already occurred, has planted in the breasts of many the suspicion that their kindred in England wish them evil rather than good; but the statesmen to whom the political interests of these two great people are confided act upon higher responsibilities and with better lights, and you may rest assured that an event so mutually disastrous as a war between England and America cannot occur without some other and graver provocation than has yet been given by either nation."

"HOTEL WESTMINSTER, Paris, Dec. 2, 1861.

"To ———, Esq."

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The number of emigrants reaching the United States from September 30, 1844, to December 31, 1860, a period of seventeen years and three months, was 4,386,441.

The President has appointed 110 Brigadier-Generals since the beginning of the present war.

Seven miles of new carriage road have been opened to the public in Central Park, adding fresh attractions to that charming retreat.

Tea and coffee are selling in Richmond, Virginia, at \$8 per pound, and sugar at 60 cents.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed a bill to prevent, during the existing war, monopolies and speculations in breadstuffs and other articles of general use and consumption. The bill enumerates salt, wheat, flour, bacon, lard, cotton, corn, sugar, molasses, leather, shoes, cotton cards or wool cards, as the article which must not be sold at speculative prices. It allows the owners of any of these articles to sell them at an advance of 60 per cent. upon their price last April.

The Little Rock (Arkansas) Journal affirms that the Union combinations in that State are numerous and formidable. It says: "They have 700 members in Searcy, Van Buren, Newton and Izard counties, and 1,700 in the whole State. They have a regular system of signs and passwords, and are furnished with supplies of money from the Northern camps. The constitution makes it obligatory upon every member to hazard his life in aid of another's distress, and the penalty of expressing any of the secrets of the organization is death."

A Union refugee from Richmond, who escaped from that city on the claim of being a British subject, states that there is considerable Union feeling in that city, and that there are now 2,000 rebel soldiers sick in the hospitals. "The rebels have sunk hulks near Norfolk, which render all approach to it by water impossible. An attempt was made on Monday to launch the Merrimac, but she stuck on the ways and could not be moved up or down."

THEATRICAL.

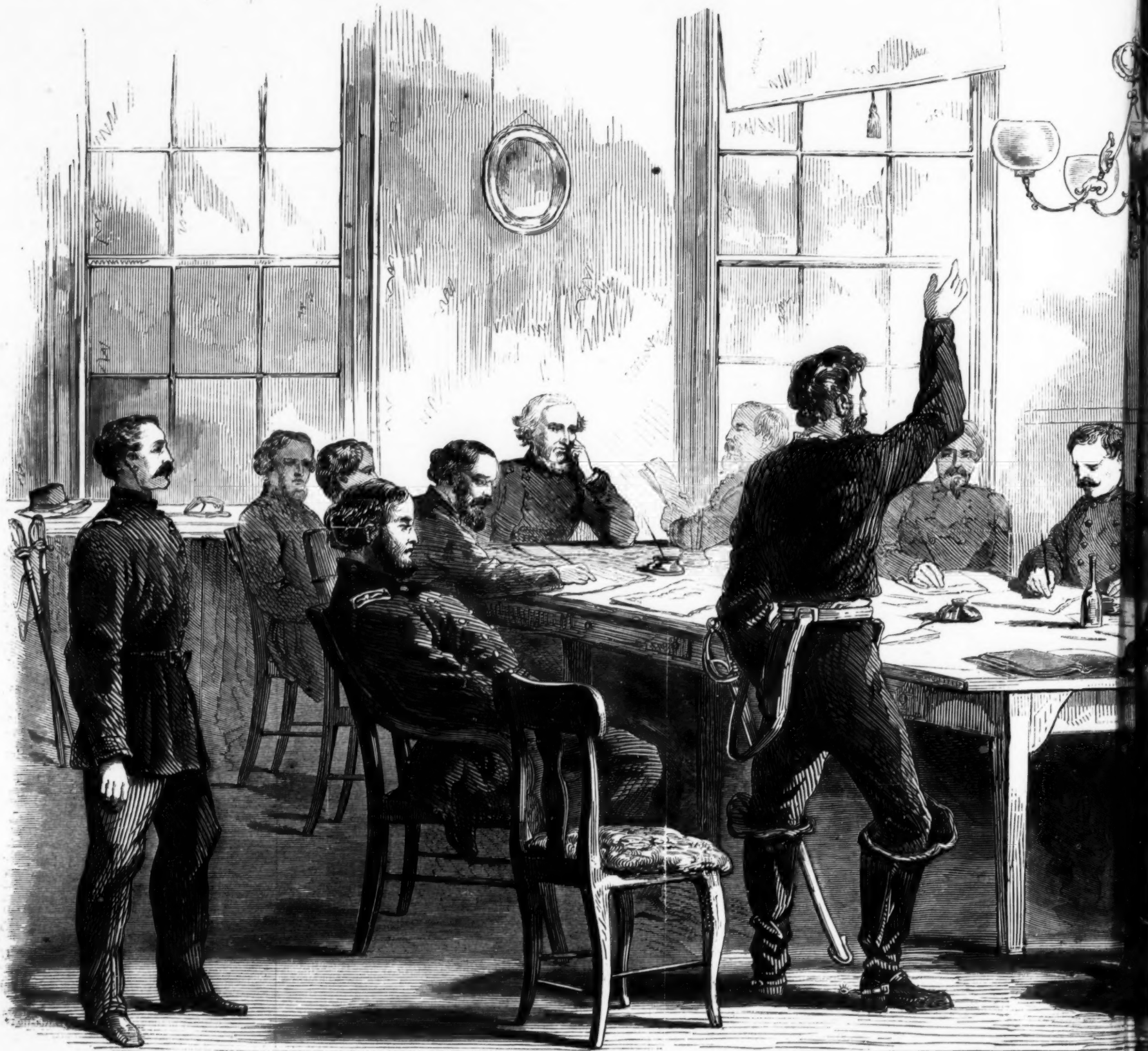
The Directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, after much debate, and after enduring much outside pressure, have finally resolved to permit such select dramatic performances in the building as the Board, or a Committee of the Board, may see fit to allow, and subject to such alterations as they may deem it proper to make. Mr. Jarrett accordingly opened on Monday, the 23d of Dec., with "Hamlet," including Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, Mrs. James W. Wallack, Mr. E. L. Davenport, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jun., Mr. Mark Smith, Mr. Thomas Placide and Mr. J. H. Allen in the cast. This was followed on Tuesday by "The School for Scandal," Wednesday, "Othello," Friday, "London Assurance." The effect of the concession made by the Directors to the demands of the stockholders has been already to raise the value of the shares 50 per cent.

NIBLO'S.—This fine theatre, which has been thoroughly rejuvenated, has been opened again with Hermann, the *Prechtelgänger*. Thus we have Hamlet at one end of the town, sailing through the air like some of those wonderful horses of Arabian story; while at the other end Hermann emulates the doings of the genii who figured so largely in the same wild Oriental fancies. The Wizard has been astonishing the staid citizens of "The Hub," where his entertainments were well appreciated, but returns to the City proper for the holidays. Niblo's is admirably adapted for his performances, and, notwithstanding the various attractions elsewhere, he will not fail to fill it nightly for his programme is as varied as his skill is wonderful.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Christmas Festivities, Scenes in Fairy Land, Pantomimes, etc. This is to be a grand carnival week at the Old Bowery. A new pantomime, got up expressly for the occasion, several grand pageants, and any amount of fun, elegance and animation will be displayed in the ring by little Bobby Williams and the other popular clowns of the establishment. Strickney's Circus will undoubtedly announce. There are two performances given during the Christmas week, every afternoon, as well as evening, for the convenience of children during the vacation.

THE LADIES' UNION FAIR.

A GRAND FAIR, for the benefit of the families of our volunteers in the field, has been going on successfully for the past two weeks, at the City Assembly Rooms, in Broadway. Nearly all the churches of the City are represented. The Catholics had their tables—which were perhaps the fullest and handsomest—although it is, perhaps, invidious to designate those of one denomination over another, when all are good. There is reason to believe that the proceeds of the Fair will come up to \$100,000. Among the ladies of social position who have devoted themselves to this charitable enterprise, and presided personally at the stalls, may be mentioned Mrs. Charles Gilbert, Mrs. James Harper, Miss Harbeck, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Royal Phelps, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. W. Adams, and between 60 and 70 others.



Orderly. Gen. Graham. Gen. Parke. Col. Stockton. Col. Allen. Gen. Casey. Gen. Palmer. Witness, Major Savage. Col. Wheaton. Col. Davis.

COURT-MARTIAL ON COLONEL J. E. KERRIGAN, OF THE 25TH REGIMENT N. Y. V., HELD AT ALBANY.

MILITARY EXECUTION OF WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSON, Of the Lincoln Cavalry.

The first military execution of the War took place in Washington on Friday morning, the 13th of December, when a Federal soldier, William Henry Johnson, a private in the Lincoln Cavalry, was shot in the presence of General Franklin's division. The crimes for which he suffered were the highest known in the military discipline—desertion, with the intention of giving information to the enemy. The circumstances are briefly these: Johnson enlisted in New York on the 21st of August, 1861, as a private in Company D of the Lincoln Cavalry, and it is said that he did so with the intention of making use of the first opportunity to desert to the enemy, for the ostensible purpose of getting to New Orleans, where his mother and brothers resided, and of which he was a native. On the 4th day of December he was posted as picket near Benton's Tavern on the Little River turnpike in Fairfax county, Va., and was arrested the same day while on his way to join the enemy, by Colonel Taylor, who was out on a scouting party of the 3d New Jersey Volunteers. In his confession, after relating that while he was on picket he thought came into his head that he would desert, he adds:

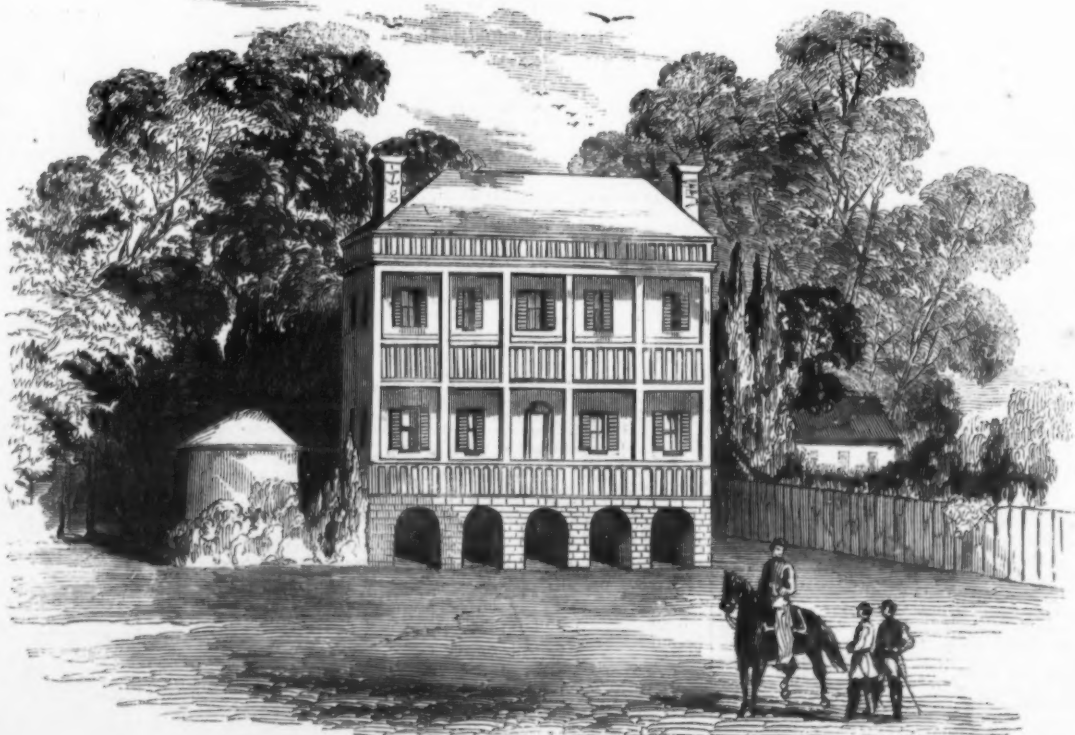
"Riding along on the Braddock road, some miles beyond our pickets, I suddenly came across Colonel Taylor, of the 3d New Jersey regiment, with his scouting party. I thought they were the rebels, but at first was so scared that I did not know what to say. However, I asked him who they were, and he said they were the

enemy. Said I to him, 'I'm all right, but because we are all friends,' said I; 'go down to New Orleans, to see my mother, how our pickets were stationed. I told him which had been out went in that day town if I thought he could capture any of them, I think he could. He asked why, and the number of mounted riflemen around. I said, 'Let me see your pistol.' I handed Taylor took it, and cocking it, said to blow your brains out.' I was so much his brains had been blown out already; I disbelieved and sabre, while at the same time, but there was nothing in them except a ledger, I believe. Then he tied my hands back to camp in charge of three men, and horse."

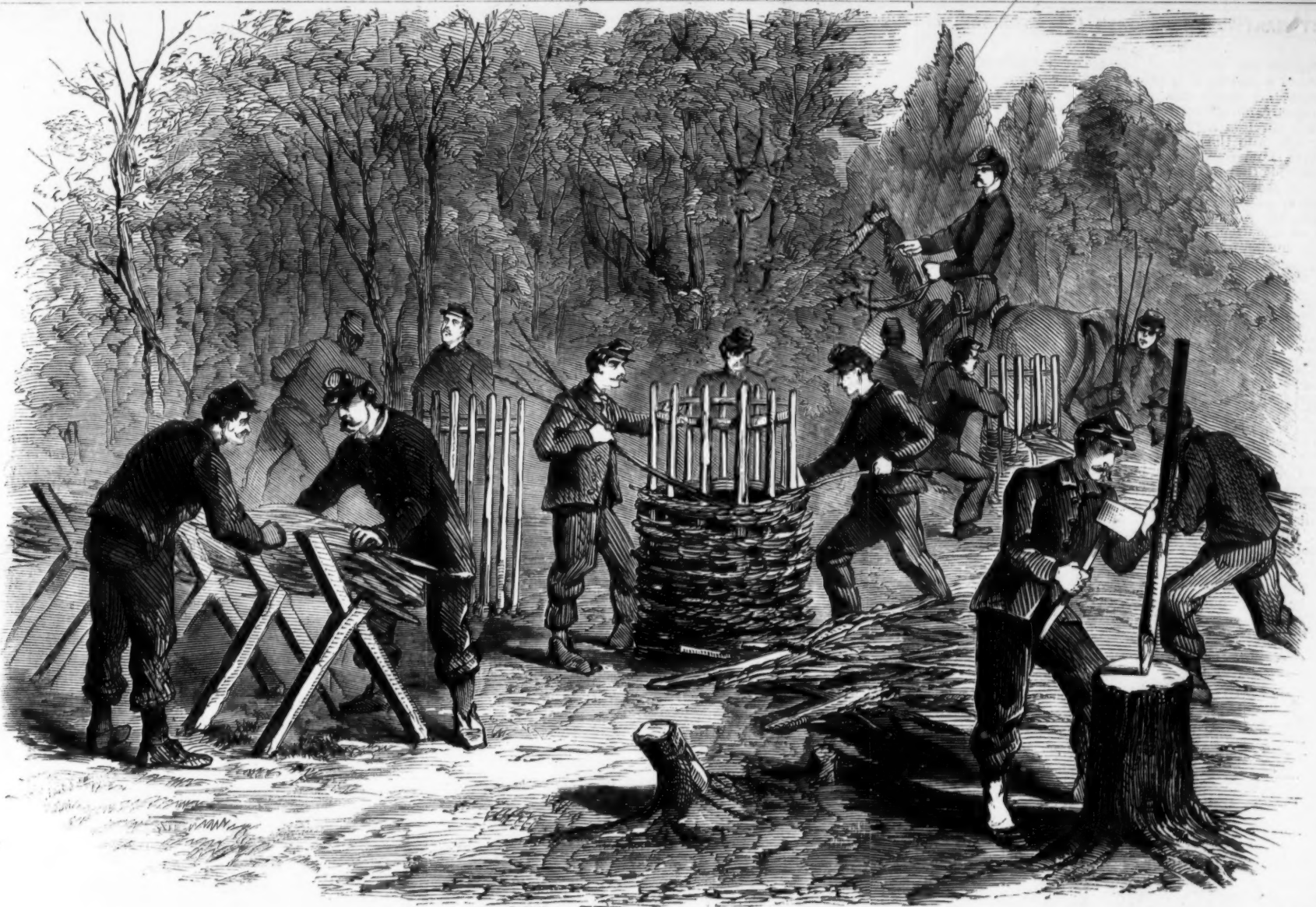
We leave every one to admire the avowal of his guilty intention. He and as the case was so flagrant he death. From the moment of his trial he behaved with a composure which showed physical and mental elements of a defect indifference, and it was only when he came to bid him farewell that he then considerably affected. His fellow feeling, and much compassion was felt for his execution he retired early, and was Catholic, he received much spiritual attention the 69th regiment. On the morning of the and beautiful, he rose early, and engaged in religious exercises with Father McKeen, Father Willett, of the 69th New York.

There was an unusual stillness prevailing throughout the whole division. The line had been read in every regiment preparing to attend the execution.

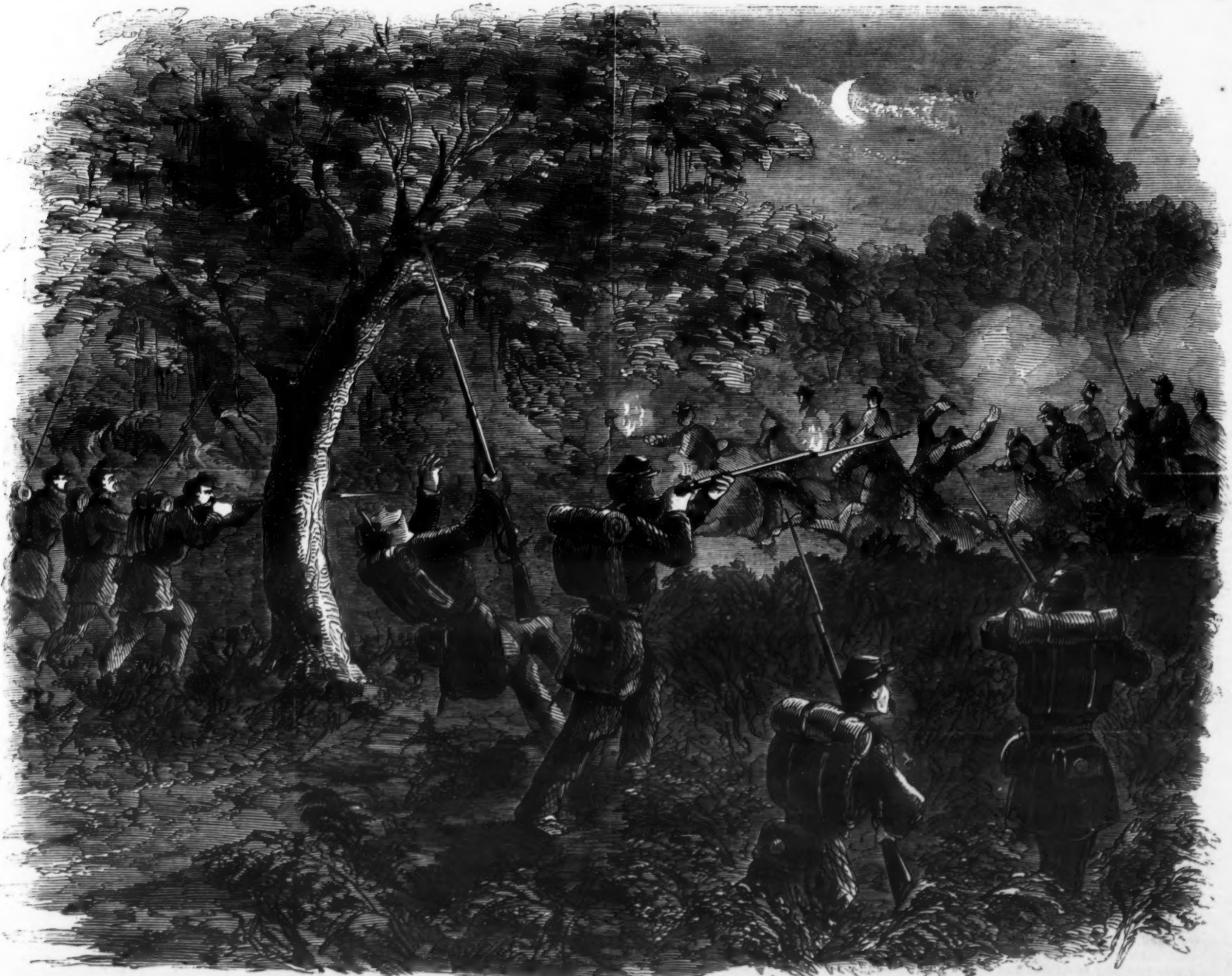
Johnson remained in the Chaplain's for him to take his place in the morning spot chosen was a spacious field near distance from the camp ground of the line, forming three sides of a square programme, precisely at three o'clock. In the meantime the funeral procession



RESIDENCE OF THE HON. E. B. RHETT, OF THE CHARLESTON "MERCURY," SITUATED IN BEAUFORT, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.



CAPTAIN MULLER'S BATTERY COMPANY, OF THE 17TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT, MAKING FASCINES AND GABIONS FOR BREASTWORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO THE NATIONAL ARMY IN KENTUCKY.—SEE PAGE 102



SKIRMISH NEAR BEAUFORT, S. C., BETWEEN REBEL CAVALRY AND THE U. S. PICKETS, DECEMBER 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL SHERMAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 102.

COURT MARTIAL ON COLONEL J. E. KERRIGAN, OF NEW YORK.

DESPITE the universality of our amateur soldiery, the absence of a real state of war has led our military men into an insouciance which has placed many a brave man in a most embarrassing position. Too many officers have carried the careless habits and optional discipline of their mimic war into the presence of the enemy, and the result has been numerous cases of scandal. Among the most prominent is that which we illustrate in our present number, the Court Martial now sitting to inquire into the conduct of Colonel James E. Kerrigan. It is held in Aylmer's Building, opposite the War Department, and attracts a considerable share of attention, and a numerous throng of earnest and anxious spectators. The Court is composed of—

Brigadier-General Silas Casey, United States regular infantry, Rhode Island, President.
Brigadier-General L. P. Graham, United States regular 2d cavalry, Virginia.
Brigadier-General J. N. Palmer, regular 5th cavalry, New York.
Brigadier-General John G. Parke, regular Topographical Engineers, Pennsylvania.
Colonel Frank Wheaton, 2d Rhode Island volunteers, regular 4th cavalry, Rhode Island.
Colonel Z. W. B. Stockton, Michigan volunteers.
Colonel E. P. Chorman, 8th Pennsylvania cavalry.
Colonel John Beardsley, 9th New York cavalry.
Colonel W. H. H. Davis, 104th Pennsylvania volunteers.
Colonel J. W. Allen, 9th New Jersey volunteers.
Colonel J. B. Howell, 85th Pennsylvania volunteers.
1st Lieutenant J. Addison McCool, 3d United States infantry, Judge Advocate, Reg.

The Court before which he appears is regarded as the strongest in talent, experience and other respects, that has ever met in the army of the Potomac. The four Generals are all of the regular army, and experienced disciplinarians. So also is Col. Wheaton. The Judge Advocate, Lieut. McCool, is a native of Pennsylvania.

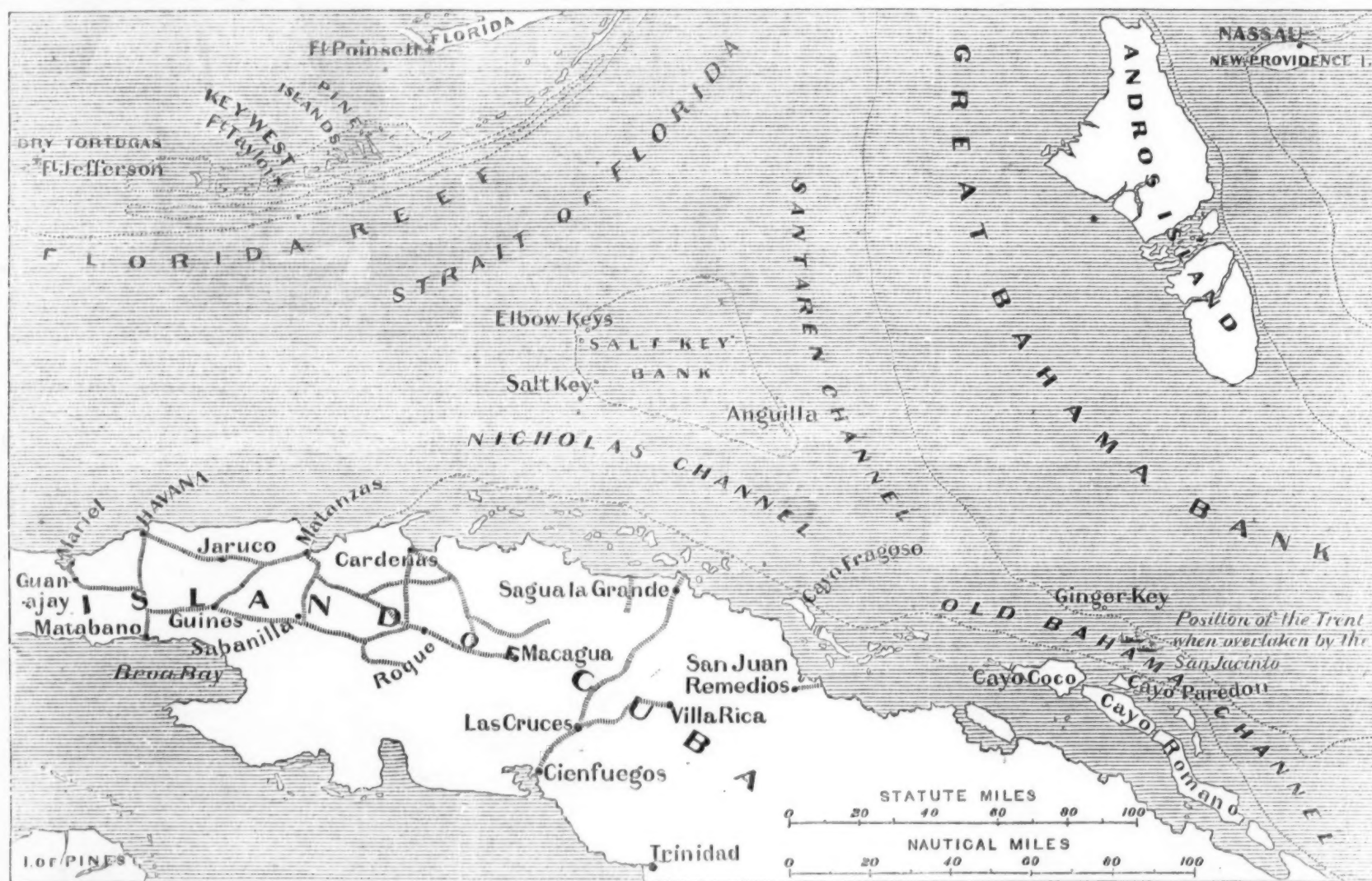
were killed and left upon the road. After this our pickets were not disturbed. The spot where this skirmish took place is about a mile and a half to the south-west of Beaufort, and on the main road.

HOUSE OF BARNWELL RHETT, BEAUFORT, S. C.

THE owner of the house the picture of which appears on page 100 is one of the most notorious of all the Secessionists, and in the commencement of the present rebellion inflamed the public mind to fire that shot on Fort Sumter the reverberation of which has shaken our Continent, and which, should France and England interfere, is destined to shake the world. Upon this man the hand of retribution has fallen heavily; he had scarcely heard of the devastation of his country seat at Beaufort by the hands of "his sworn thralls," the negroes, when a fire sweeps away that nest of treason, the office of the Charleston *Mercury*, of which he and his son are the editors and proprietors. Truly these men are deeply responsible for the horrors of our present condition, and well deserved has been their punishment. Mr. Rhett's house is situated in one of the finest positions in Beaufort, and was most luxuriously furnished. The furniture, however, underwent a great transmogrification at the hands of the negroes after their masters had evacuated the town; but should our troops retain possession of Beaufort, there was enough left to render it comfortable quarters, under the appliances of Northern ingenuity. We understand that Mr. Rhett's wine cellar was remarkably well stocked—but the negroes had made the discovery, and taken formidable advantage of the butler's absence.

To add to the sting which the fire in Charleston and the loss of Beaufort must naturally rankle in the mind of this persistent Secessionist, we may remark that he was born in Beaufort, and it is said in the very house whose picture we

of the Knoxville *Whig* until about two months since, when it was suppressed by the rebel authorities on account of the indomitable stand he made for the Union. Surrounded by hordes of bitter Secessionists, he and his heroic daughter maintained their allegiance, and on one occasion, when the mob threatened to pull down the Stars and Stripes which floated over the Parson's house, Miss Brownlow threw off the timidity of her sex, and, revolver in hand, said she would defend that flag as she would her own honor, with her life. The Southern chivalry admired her pluck, and retired without fulfilling their threat. A few years ago Mr. Brownlow came to New York, and engaged in a controversy with Mr. Paine, a fierce Abolitionist, in which Mr. Brownlow took a highly conservative view of the great question. But while his long residence in Tennessee made him a pro-Slavery man, or, at all events, blinded his eyes to the dangers and atrocities of the system, he yet, when the Southern conspirators made the election of Mr. Lincoln a *casus belli* with the North, or rather a fraudulent excuse for putting into operation a gigantic scheme for the disruption of a Republic whose Government they had practically usurped for a generation, and whose honors and emoluments they so monopolized, that, like the oligarchy of England, they had come to regard the Northerners as their vassals—Mr. Brownlow, we say, refused to side with these assassins of our National greatness, and denounced the treason and the traitors with his accustomed vehemence. His paper was, consequently, suppressed, and his life threatened. The last report we have of Parson Brownlow reaches us through the Memphis *Avalanche*, that he had raised a body of men and utterly routed the rebels at Morristown, Jefferson county, a village and station on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, 42 miles north-east of Knoxville. At the time of the first uprising of the Union men in that region, about a month ago, they burned a railroad bridge at Strawberry Plains, which is nearly midway between Morristown and



MAP OF PART OF THE WEST INDIES, ETC., SHOWING THE EXACT POSITION OF THE U. S. WAR STEAMER SAN JACINTO, CAPTAIN WILKES, AND THE BRITISH MAIL STEAMER TRENT, NOVEMBER 8.—SEE PAGE 109.

Our illustration is taken at the minute when the Judge Advocate McCool is administering the oath to Major Savage, who is about to give his evidence. The prisoner is defended by the Hon. Reverdy Johnston and Judge Edmund L. Hearn, two of the ablest of our legal practitioners. The charges preferred against Colonel Kerrigan are—

- Charge First—A habitual neglect of duty.
- Charge Second—Showing conduct which was prejudicial to good order and military discipline.
- Charge Third—The violation of the 44th article of war.
- Charge Fourth—Disobedience of orders, in violation of the 9th article of war.
- Charge Fifth—Lying out of camp without the leave of his superior officer.
- Charge Sixth—Drunkenness on duty.
- Charge Seventh—A shameful abandonment of his post.
- Charge Eighth—Withdrawing of the pickets without orders.
- Charge Ninth—Communicating with the enemy a number of times between the 25th of July and the 1st of October. That he left his camp, in Fairfax county, Virginia, and visited the enemy in said county.

SKIRMISH NEAR BEAUFORT, S. C., BETWEEN REBEL CAVALRY AND UNITED STATES TROOPS.

ON Friday, December 6th, about eight o'clock in the evening, the first skirmish on land took place between our troops and the South Carolinians. The pickets which had been thrown out on the Shell road, the main and only avenue to the village, had been stationed in their position but a few moments before a body of rebel cavalry, numbering 20 or 30 men, came upon them, unexpectedly to both sides. The rebels discharged their revolvers, and hit one of our men in the neck, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. The fire was returned, but, as it was dark, with what effect could not then be ascertained. We have since learned that one of the rebels was mortally wounded, and fell off his horse about a half mile from the scene of the affair, and his body was found by the negroes the following morning. Two horses

were killed and left upon the road. After this our pickets were not disturbed. The spot where this skirmish took place is about a mile and a half to the south-west of Beaufort, and on the main road.

SCENE IN THE NATIONAL CAMP IN KENTUCKY.

Preparing Fascines and Gabions for Fortifications. FASCINES have long been employed in temporary defences, the word being derived from *fascis*, the Latin word for bundles. In fortification, fascines stand for a fagot, a bundle of rods or small sticks of wood, bound at both ends and in the middle, used in raising batteries, in filling ditches, and making parapets. Sometimes they are dipped in melted pitch or tar, and made use of to set fire to the enemy's works or lodgements. A gabion, in fortification, is a hollow cylinder of wickerwork, resembling a basket, but having no bottom. This is filled with earth, and so serves to shelter the men from an enemy's fire. Our Artist thus writes: "During the preparatory work of concentrating and organizing the army in Kentucky, opportunities are afforded for perfecting the men in a knowledge of the practical part of war, and erecting fortifications. Capt. Muller, in command of the battery attached to Col. Stambaugh's 77th Pennsylvania regiment, is an accomplished officer, having served with much distinction in the Prussian army. The scene I have sketched represents the men cutting down the oak saplings, using the trunk, branches and twigs in fastening the gabions, the pointed stakes of which are ranged in a continuous line, forming a complete breastwork."

PARSON BROWNLOW.

This eminent man, whom Queen Victoria might have termed a "belligerent" without arousing any cavil on our part, is a regularly ordained minister of the gospel, who settled in Knoxville, Tennessee, many years ago, and was the editor

of the Knoxville *Whig* until about two months since, when it was suppressed by the rebel authorities on account of the indomitable stand he made for the Union. Surrounded by hordes of bitter Secessionists, he and his heroic daughter maintained their allegiance, and on one occasion, when the mob threatened to pull down the Stars and Stripes which floated over the Parson's house, Miss Brownlow threw off the timidity of her sex, and, revolver in hand, said she would defend that flag as she would her own honor, with her life.

Parson Brownlow is about 50 years old, and has a wife and several children, among whom is the gallant lady whose fearless patriotism we have already alluded to. In person he is tall and of a slender build, and his eye has the fire of a daring soul shining through it, which at once arrests the attention of all. His style, both of speaking and writing, reflects his nature, being at once terse, vehement and argumentative. There is little ornament in either one or the other, his words going straight to the subject. Despite his earnestness, he is remarkable for great command of temper. It is this faculty which makes him so powerful in debate. It is to be regretted that hitherto the scope for his abilities has been so limited. We trust now he will have a larger sphere of action.

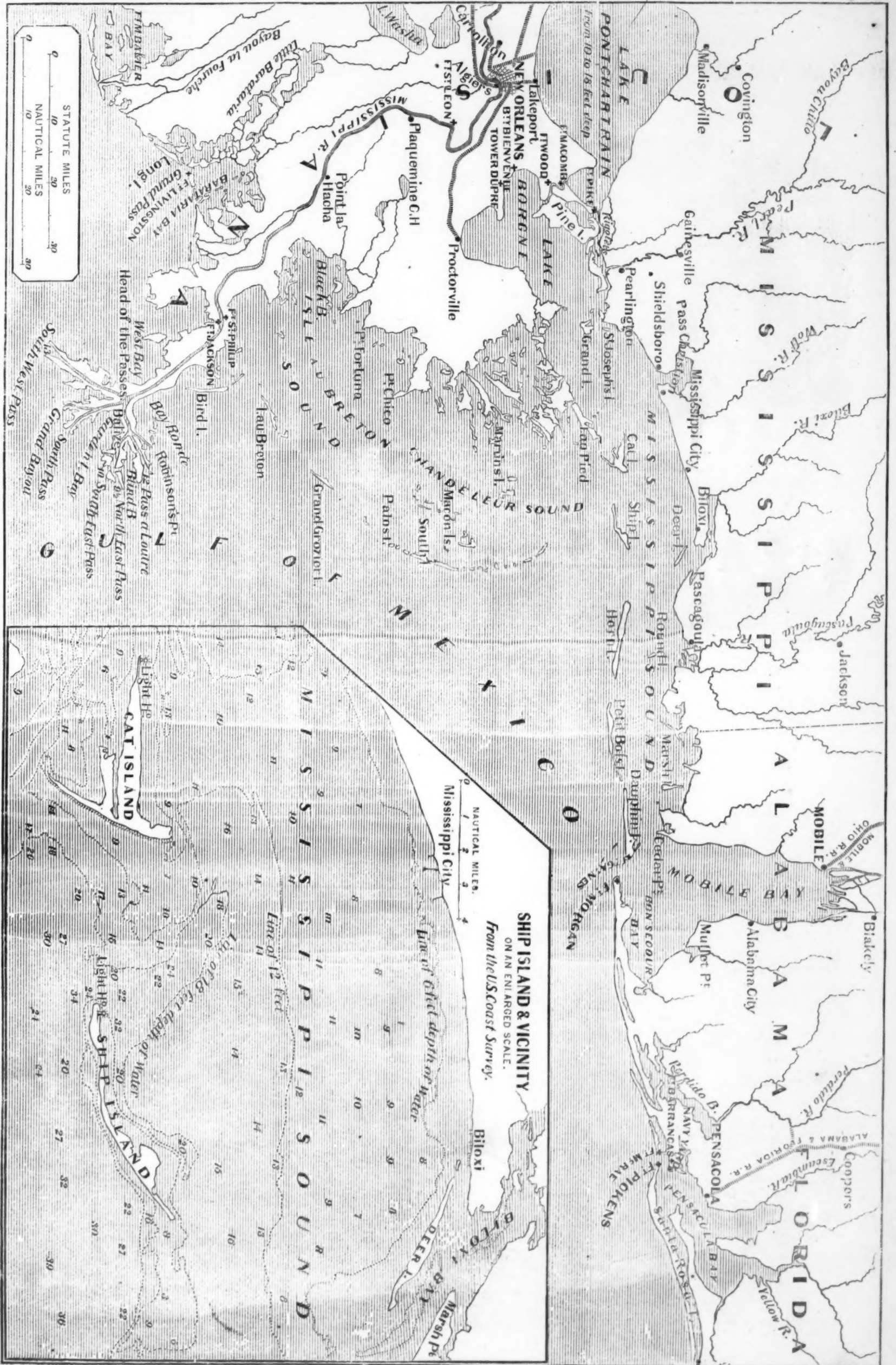
There was a rumor that he was in Knoxville Jail, but it requires confirmation.

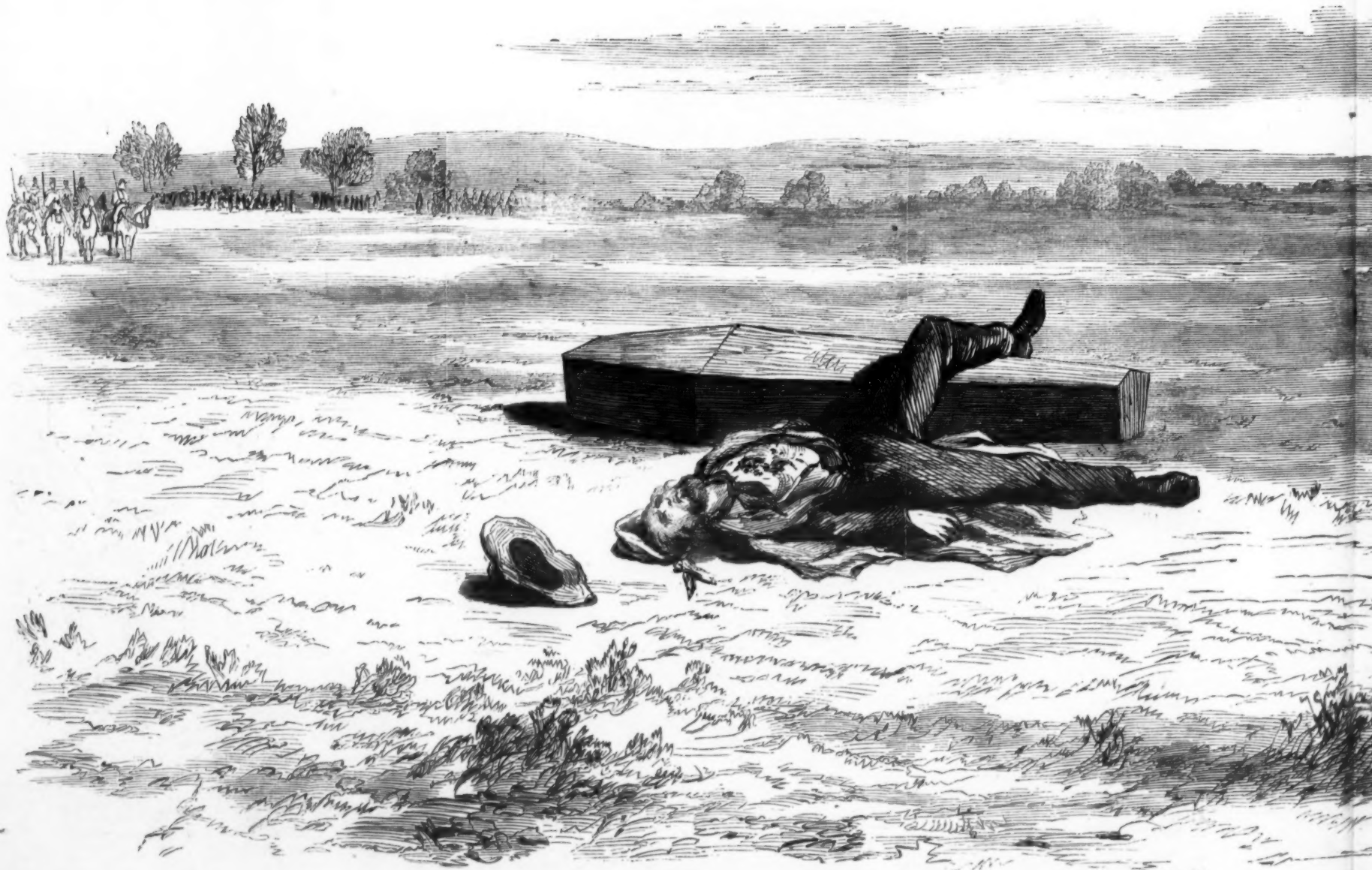
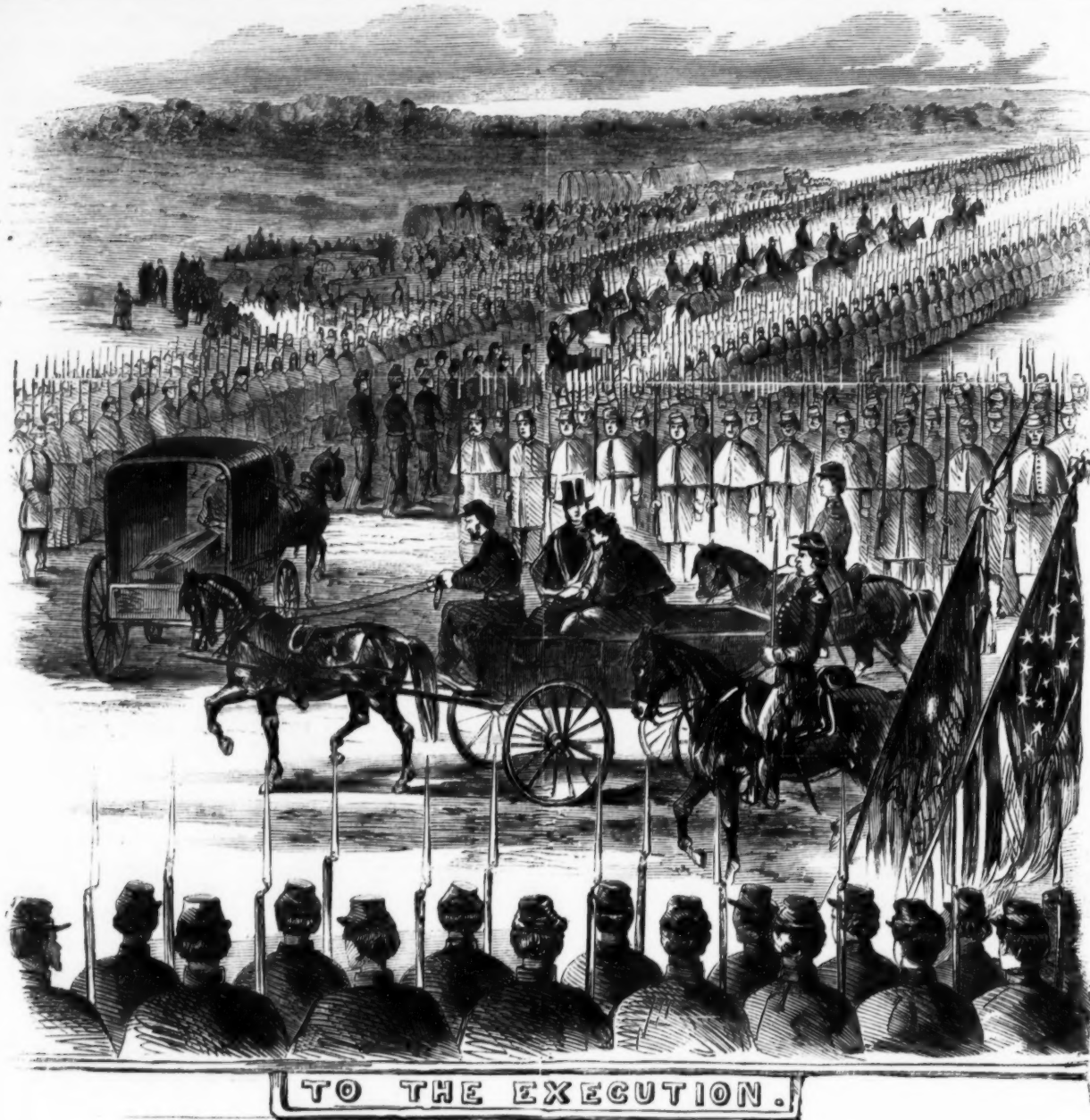
IRON MORTAR BOATS, ETC., NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED AT UPPER FERRY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In a recent paper, No. 317, we gave a brief but comprehensive account of the formidable fleet of gunboats, mortar-boats and floating batteries, building on the Mississippi. The sketch we give to-day is taken at Upper Ferry, near St. Louis, and situated on the Mississippi.

It is reported of Col. Platt, of the 1st Regt. of Vermont Cavalry, that when he first went to Washington on affairs of his regiment he was introduced at the War Department by Senator Foot, and after a little preliminary conversation Mr. Secretary Cameron said: "Well, Colonel, I suppose, to begin with, you have some slight knowledge of military matters?" "Oh, yes," says Col. Platt, "I have been to general training three times, and under guard twice!"

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM PENSACOLA TO NEW ORLEANS, SHOWING THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF SHIP ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI, NOW OCCUPIED BY COL. PHELPS AND THE NATIONAL TROOPS, WITH THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.—See Page 100.

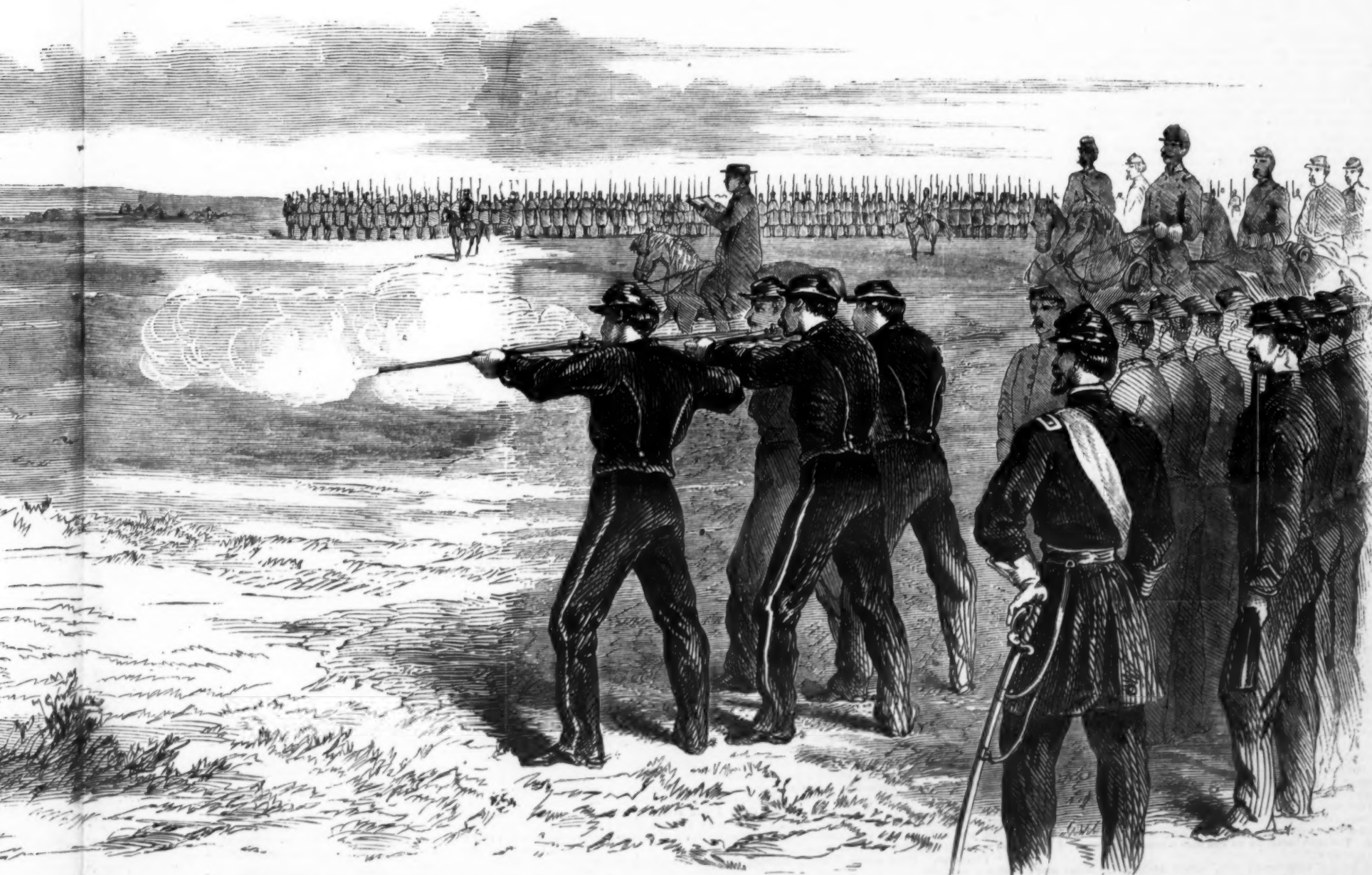




SCENES ATTENDING THE MILITARY EXECUTION NEAR WASHINGTON OF PRIVATE WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, OF THE LINCOLN CAVALRY, ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, 1861. SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TROOPS PASSING THE BODY.



AFTERNOON, 13TH DECEMBER, IN PRESENCE OF GEN. FRANKLIN'S DIVISION, FOR DESERTION AND INTENDED COMMUNICATION WITH THE ENEMY—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

MOVE ON THE COLUMNS!

Very Respectfully Inscribed to "the Powers that be,"
at Washington and elsewhere.

Move on the columns! Why delay?
Our soldiers sick in their camps:
The summer heats, the autumn damps,
Have snapp'd their vigor day by day,
And now the winter comes apace,
With death-chills in its cold embrace,
More fatal than the battle-fray.

Move on the columns! Hesitate
No longer what to plan or do:
Our course is good—our men are true—
This fight is for the flag, the State,
The Union, and the hopes of man;
And Right will end what Wrong began,
For God the right will vindicate.

Move on the columns! If the land
Is lock'd by winter, take the sea.
No possible barrier can be
So fatal to a rightful stand,
As wavering purposes when at bay.
This way or that—"at once! to-day!"
Were worth ten thousand men at hand.

Move on the columns! With the sweep
Of eagles let them strike the foe.
The hurricane lays the forest low:
Momentum wings the daring leap.
That clears the chasm: the lightning stroke
Shivers the wind-defying oak:
The earthquake rocks the eternal steep.

Move on the columns! Why have sprung
Our myriad hosts from hill and plain?
Leaving the sickle in the grain—
Closing the harvest hymn half sung—
Half blind the granary and the mow,
Unturn'd the soil, untouched the plough—
Scythies rusting where they last were swung.

Move on the columns! They are here
To found anew a people's faith,
To save from treason and from death
A nation which they all revere;
And on each manly brow is set
A purpose, such as never yet
Was thwarted when, as now, sincere.

Move on the columns! Earth contains
No guardian for the good and free,
Like that which bless'd our Liberty;
And while its banner still remains
The symbol of united power,
Nor man nor fiend can tell the hour
In which its starlit glory wanes.

Move on the columns strong and bright!
Strike down the sacrilegious hands
That clutch and wield the battle brands
Which menace with their Wrong our Right:
Words now are wasted—glittering steel
Alone can make the last appeal:
They've will'd it so—and we must fight.

Move on the columns! If they go,
By ways they had not thought to take,
To fields we had not meant to make,
Or if they bring unthought of woe,
Let that which woke the fiery wrath
Fall, scorch'd and blackening in its path.
Not man, but God, may stay the blow.

Move on the columns!—St. Louis Democrat.

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Arthur entered the library, Victorine was there, seated at work as tranquilly as if nothing had happened. Arthur had been used to read to her while she worked, and the book lay upon the table. It only needed for him to sit down and find the place, and the old happy days would run on their course again. There was no apparent let or hindrance.

Victorine was not a hair the worse for yesterday's alarm and agitation. Her face was clear and bright as ever, her eyes sparkling, her dress arranged with the same scrupulous nicety. And she had no reproach; her cheerful "good-morning" did not savor of anything but friendliness. She even gave him her hand, and it was firm and steady; not a nerve unning.

"Have you forgiven me, Victorine?" he asked.

"I have nothing to forgive. Misfortune is no crime," she replied quietly.

Arthur trembled. The words of separation were not yet spoken; but something whispers that they will be, and that speedily.

"You have more than once advised me to consult a physician," said he, trying to command his voice, "and I have foolishly refused. I will do so now, as soon as you please."

"That must be as you please," said Victorine, in a tone of indifference.

"But you wish it, do you not?" he asked.

"For your own sake I do," she replied.

"Victorine!" he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake do not speak so coldly."

She made no reply, but continued her work without moving a muscle of her face, or betraying the least emotion. Arthur's heart, on the contrary, was like a stormy sea. Love, fear, grief, passionate regret, and wild vague longing, tortured him beyond the limit of endurance.

"Do not forsake me, Victorine, or you will drive me to despair," said Arthur. "Bear with me a little longer, and this delusion will cease. You told me yourself it would."

Victorine shook her head.

"It will, indeed," he continued. "Only give me time. We shall get into clearer skies presently," he added, trying to speak cheerfully and repeating her own words.

"Serenest skies!" said Victorine. "Arthur, you are dreaming."

"Yes, I am, dreaming of happy days to come," replied Arthur, drawing nearer and trying to take her hand. "Of home and of domestic joys, and a forgetfulness of this dreary past. I shall have but one thought then, Victorine—how to make up to you for this. How to make your life a glad and happy one. Will you not give me your hand?"

"No, Arthur," said she, laying down her work and looking him steadily in the face. "You must remember I have a duty to perform to myself as well as to you. To stake a lifetime on the mere hazard of your recovery is too wild a sacrifice for you to require, or for me to make."

"But would it be a sacrifice?" he asked. "Do you not love me? The whole treasure of my affection is yours. I shall live but for you. You may safely trust me, Victorine. Only make the venture and see if you will not be repaid. It is your womanly fear makes you hesitate."

"I do not fear—it is a feeling unknown to me," said Victorine, half contemptuously. "I can meet any ordinary evil without shrinking, but here is one so frightful that I confess I dare not."

"Tell me? What is it? I do not see it," said Arthur, smiling.

"Did the thought never strike you?" asked Victorine, looking inquiringly at him.

"No, never," he replied; "I wish to hear it."

"It is an evil—a curse—the greatest that can happen to us," exclaimed Victorine, in a tone of unusual vehemence; "it would break up our home, sever every link that binds us, unloose us from our haven, and drive us out upon a wilder sea than any we have yet encountered. It would entail on us and ours a remediless woe. I cannot—dare not do it!"

"But I do not understand you," cried Arthur. "What woe? What curse? Whose?"

"The woe—the curse of madness, Arthur—and it is yours," said Victorine, with unwonted abruptness.

"Mine!" he exclaimed. "O heavens! I am not mad! No, no! Do not tell me I am mad!"

"How can I think otherwise?" said Victorine. "Do sane men rave as you do? Do they follow after phantoms, to the hazard even of their lives? Do faces rise up before them and bewitch them out of their very reason? No, Arthur, it is madness, deliberate madness!"

She spoke every word with terrible distinctness; her keen, clear eye fixed upon him as if it searched him through. There was no pity in her look; it was cruel, remorseless. It wounded him to the soul; it broke his very heart.

"And having this madness upon you," she continued, in the same unfeeling tone, "can you ask me to link my fate with yours? Can you, as a man of honor, bind me to my engagement, and drag me from my home to toss and shipwreck on that stormy sea?"

"You are deceived, Victorine, indeed you are," said Arthur. "The adventure of yesterday was a mere accident, a mistake, it may be, of identity. It may have been a mistake of identity all along. Such things have been. My pulse is as steady as your own. Look at me; hear me talk. Do I look or speak like one that is mad?"

"Not when the paroxysm is over," she replied; "but who knows how soon it may return. How soon that spectral face may not appear to unsettle your reason and bring back all this misery. But yesterday, Arthur, and this face might have deprived me of a mother." Arthur turned away in silent anguish, and Victorine went on, "You will not refuse me the means of escape from so pressing an evil, Arthur. You cannot insist on our marriage, now."

"I do not insist," he replied; "I should be ungenerous and infamous to do so. I did but appeal to your affection, Victorine; it rested entirely with that."

"Then I may consider myself free," said Victorine, with a touch of exultation in her manner. "With your consent, the tie between us is annulled, and our engagement at an end. Is it not so?"

"If you wish it—if I cannot say the words. Ah, Victorine! if you had been the afflicted one," said Arthur, in a tone of deep feeling, "should I have acted in so summary a manner?"

"I am prompt by nature; it is one of my characteristics," she replied, quickly; "besides, what motive is there for delay, except to blight my prospects, as well as your own?"

Arthur was silent. He was amazed at her coldness and insensibility. Could this be Victorine? What a metamorphosis had taken place since yesterday!

"Yes, you are free, Victorine," said he, with dignity. "I would rather sacrifice my happiness a hundred times than cast a blight on yours. My infirmity shall no longer perplex and weary you. In the solitude of my own home I will bear it as best I can. Farewell, Victorine!"

"Stay one moment, Arthur; I regret I cannot return your letters. I have destroyed them; but may I beg the favor of my own? Our correspondence has not been very large," she said, with a wintry smile.

Arthur mechanically took from his pocket the few letters he had received from her. She almost snatched them from his hand, and threw them into the flames.

"I am glad to hear you hint at leaving town," said she, stirring the fire, lest a single scrap should escape; "your disease has made considerable progress since you came."

"Victorine!" cried Arthur, in astonishment, "where is your affection? Have you no pity—not a single thought for my unhappy fate?"

"I have never made feeling my guide," she replied. "She is too unsteady, and too little to be trusted. My judgment tells me what is the best course to be adopted. This is the chain you gave me," she added, taking it from her neck, and laying it down before him.

Arthur looked at her in wonder. She met his look without shrinking. There was not a trace of compassion—nothing to remind him that she had ever loved him. That had been one of his delusions. He was always to be mocked by a phantom!

"And this is how we part!" he cried, confronting her with a glow of indignation on his cheek. "You might have severed the tie more tenderly. You might have expressed some concern for the dark history that lies before me. It may be I have tried your affection too severely; and, if so, you are amply revenged."

Victorine made no reply, but returned to her work with the utmost composure. Arthur was nothing to her now. She had done with him. This chapter was ended, and she had begun a new one, with a better subject and more brilliant prospects. The time was gone by for her to minister to his wounded mind. She had done it well and skillfully while there was an object; but now her ministrations had ceased for ever. Let him go home and lose himself in hopeless pinings for the dead. She was content that Constance should remain the mistress of the field, since defeat was the best victory.

It was time the interview should end, and Arthur turned to leave the room. But just at this moment Lord Wilcox entered it, his face radiant with smiles. He, at all events, was well contented with his destiny. His pink note had found a response, and he was coming, in the plenitude of his joy, to pour out a flood of homed words, and expressions of delight. Victorine had accepted him, and there was sunshine for him everywhere that morning.

He cannot see the storm-cloud on Arthur's brow, and he bows, and speaks kindly to him, lunatic as he is, for he has not heard of yesterday's disaster.

Arthur's jealousy was roused in a moment. He felt enraged that this top should thrust him in just then. He hated Victorine to smile upon him, and receive him so cordially. He detested the suspicious thought that all along this man might have been his rival. He felt that Victorine had been released from her engagement, and he determined wrathfully to stay it out, and not leave her to complete her conquest.

Lord Wilcox was in an awkward predicament, between his dread of the lunatic, and his eagerness to pour out his heart to Victorine. He stood a few moments, undecided what to do. Then, the feelings of the lover predominated, and he went up to Victorine, took her hand, and kissed it. No one but a lunatic, he thought, would have remained after such a hint as that, or after Lord Wilcox, in utter contempt of Arthur's presence, and seeming to ignore it, seated himself by Victorine, and began to whisper words meant for her ear alone. And Victorine smiled, and blushed, and maintained her composure as if the event was by no means unexpected.

But Arthur still sat on, as if some spell had bound him there. Was it possible? Did she love this man? or did his eyes deceive him, and did some strange fatality make shadows assume the appearance of realities? He would stay to hear more, but this Victorine did not intend.

"Mr. Leslie," said she, with cool politeness, "may I request a favor of you?—What is that, Miss Ferrars?" he asked.

How strangely these unwonted titles sounded, and how difficult it seemed to pronounce them!

"That you will have the goodness to leave us."

Leave us! Then, by her own confession, they were linked together, these two, in interest, in affection, soon it might be in name!

Arthur's head seemed to reel, and sparks of fire to flash from his eyes.

Leave us! That was more than he could bear; and to think that, all along, this man had been working under his feet, and he had never known it!

Victorine would not have hatched up the story of his madness, but for the sake of this lord, this thing of whiskers and perfume! Arthur's indignation got the better almost of his reason—certainly of his self-command.

"I congratulate you, my lord," said he, in a tone of bitter sarcasm; "some half hour ago, Miss Ferrars was my affianced bride; now, it seems, she is yours. The facility with which the lady has transferred her affections is marvellous. You would hardly think such a thing was possible."

"Mr. Lintwood," said Lord Wilcox, rising in great agitation, "Miss Ferrars shall not be in a hurry to leave me."

"Insulted! Ah, Victorine, that the time should ever come when I am accused of insulting you!" cried Arthur, changing his tone to one of deep sadness. "You know better than I can remind you what we have been to each other. Tell Lord Wilcox how we have loved, and were to have been united, but for the accident of yesterday, and his stepping in between us."

"Victorine," cried Lord Wilcox, turning to her with a look of intense anxiety.

Victorine drew herself up cold and stately, her face as white as marble.

"He is mad, my lord," said she, in a low tone, "mad."

"No, I am not mad!" cried Arthur, indignantly; "it is you, Victorine, who are unjust."

"You had better leave us," said Lord Wilcox, placing himself between Arthur and Victorine. "I wish you well and kindly, but do not presume too much on my compassion."

Compassion! Your compassion! Yours!" exclaimed Arthur, haughtily.

"Yes, mine, Mr. Lintwood," said he. "I have the deepest pity for you, but this lady is under my protection, and if you molest her I will not answer for the consequences."

"Victorine! Victorine!" cried Arthur, in a tone of anguish.

Victorine made no reply. Her head drooped until it seemed to rest on Lord Wilcox's shoulder.

"Leave us!" repeated Lord Wilcox in a commanding tone, and pointing to the door.

"Victorine!" said Arthur, utterly disregarding him, "are vows and promises of so little moment? Pause and think before you do me such a grievous wrong."

There was no need for Victorine to pause and think. She had considered every step of her way too well. This dilemma did not take her by surprise. The little word "mad," whispered again in Lord Wilcox's ear, solved what would have seemed a mystery to him.

It was a word of terrible import, but it explained the meaning of Arthur's declaration. He was mad, and madness can coin relationship at pleasure. He was greatly to be pitied. No affliction could be heavier than this infirmity of mind. But the current of affairs must go past him. He could not be permitted to trifle with the happiness of others, especially with the happiness of Victorine.

And Victorine's manner set Lord Wilcox at rest with regard to her affection for himself. Nothing could be more delightful than to have her clinging to him in her womanly fear and embarrassment. To have the pressure of his hand returned and his glance met with such confiding tenderness. Yet, she loved him, and who was this madman that he should thrust himself between them. He must be removed. Stringent measures must be taken, and such a scene as this must never be permitted to recur again.

But the madman is gone. He had waited for Victorine to speak, but she maintained that cruel, inflexible silence, and he had taken his departure, and she and Lord Wilcox were left alone.

Lord Wilcox's whole manner was changed. The circumstances of the day had called out his manly feelings. He was resolved to protect Victorine from the slightest breath of wrong or insult, and his foppishness was thrown aside.

"Do not alarm yourself, Victorine," said he. "It shall never happen any more. Only leave it to me."

"But what shall you do?" said Victorine, anxiously. She was sitting on the sofa, deadly pale, and with her hands tightly clasped together. "Tell me, tell me, what shall you do?"

"We had better dismiss the subject," said Lord Wilcox; "you have suffered enough from the vagaries of this madman. It is time he came into my hands."

Victorine shuddered. Lord Wilcox, put upon his mettle, was no foppish fool, as she and Arthur had imagined. She had passed into his hands, too, and he was not to be trifled with.

"His father was my father's friend," said she, almost beseechingly, for a touch of remorse stung her to the heart; "be tender with him, Francis."

She had never called him by his name before, and his face lighted up with happiness. He sat down by her and began to tell her how he loved her, and how— But Victorine stopped him abruptly, with the air of a person whose mind is riveted on something else.

"About Arthur?" she said. "What do you mean? You hint mysteriously."

"I mean," said Wilcox, firmly, "that this madman shall not be a foil to us any more. Society demands that he be placed in ward, and he shall be, before another day goes over our heads."

"Good heavens, my lord!" exclaimed Victorine.

"Dearest Victorine," said he, and he took her hands.

"Do not deprive him of his liberty," said Victorine. "He is harmless. He is only deranged on one subject—that of Constance."

"And of yourself. We have had proof of that," said Lord Wilcox, hastily.

Victorine turned paler still. The walls seemed to close round her. Lord Wilcox thought she was going to faint, and supported her in his arms.

"You shall have no trouble, dearest," said he. "You and your mother shall leave town for a few hours, and when you return—"

"Arthur will be gone!" said Victorine, in a strange suppressed voice.

"Mr. Lintwood will be gone," repeated Lord Wilcox with emphasis; "it is no difficult task to prove him a lunatic, and deal with him accordingly."

Victorine breathed short and quick.

"From what I have seen myself," continued Lord Wilcox, "and from what you have told me, the case is clear enough. His seeing a phantom—his conduct this morning—"

"Yes, yes, we need say no more," cried Victorine, hurriedly. "I leave him in your hands—only do not let me—"

"Be harassed," said Lord Wilcox. "No, that you shall not. You need not think a single thought further on the subject, nor will I say another word. I would rather speak on a more interesting topic than Mr. Lintwood."

"Pardon me," said Victorine, faintly. "I am overcome with the terror of this morning. My nerves are shaken. I would rather have a little time for rest and consideration."

"You shall every time, dearest," said Lord Wilcox, rising. "Do not look so pale," he continued. "This will soon be forgotten. I shall not leave the house until—"

Victorine turned away, and Lord Wilcox did not finish the sentence.

He went out with a cheerful step, and full of the important business that lay before him. He little dreamed of the feelings that agitated Victorine. She had not anticipated such a climax as this. The worst she had imagined was Arthur's return home, a disappointed and heart-stricken man. But to take away his liberty—to stamp him with the brand of madness! Alas! for Arthur!

CHAPTER XVI.

"GLAD enough I shall be to leave this horrid place!" said Grace to herself, as she knelt down before her trunk and packed all her smart clothes in it. "One cannot get a rag washed decently! What a color my pocket-handkerchiefs are to be sure! But about poor Arthur is the worst. That bird, abominable woman! I told him all along how it would be, only he never would believe me. But it has come out now, just as it did about Martha stealing the preserves, and Arthur was quite as obstinate about that. However, we are going home to-day, that is one comfort; and Mr. Lodge—here Grace's face cleared up a little, and she rose, and began to try on a new bonnet that lay on the bed—"but it is no use of being smart now," she added, with a sigh, and taking it off again; "I must get Arthur well the first thing. It is a thousand pities he ever painted that dead woman; he has never been the same since. Heigho! I wonder how the servants have been going on! that good-for-nothing, lazy—"

"Grace!" said a voice behind her.

"Good gracious! is that you, Victorine?" and she let fall the lid of her trunk with a loud noise. "What do you want with me?"

This was said roughly enough, but Victorine took no notice of Grace's manner, or of the flush of anger that overspread her face. She seated herself as quietly as ever, and began to say,

"I wanted to speak to you, that is all."

"Well, speak on then, and after that I will say my say," said Grace, locking her box, and sitting down on it with a bang. "Now then?"

"You will have the goodness to conduct yourself properly while you are in my house, Grace," said Victorine, sternly.

"I shall not remain in your house long, that I can tell you, nor Arthur either. It is a great pity for him that we ever came into it at all!" cried Grace, jerking herself violently.

"It is a pity you ever did," said Victorine.

"Yes," said Grace; "who would have thought it? That you would have jilted him for the sake of that—"

"You will please hear what I have come to say, and spare me your own reflections," said Victorine, in a tone of authority, and with a flash in her eye that had before cowed Grace so completely. "This is, I am rejoiced to think, the last time that I shall be subjected to your rudeness and insolence."

"Very complimentary, on my word!" said Grace, tossing her head; "however, we shall soon be gone. Arthur is as impatient as I am. I dare say he will not regret what has happened, but marry a much better wife in the end."

"Arthur will not return with you," said Victorine, a flush rising to her cheek and then leaving it deadly pale. "Will not, I say!"

"How can you tell such a falsehood?" exclaimed Grace. "You know he will; I have packed up his things, and we start this very afternoon."

"He has started," said Victorine, with a convulsive clasp of her hands.

"What? Gone without me?" cried Grace, springing up; "I will follow him directly. I dare say he is driven distracted by your having played him false, and no one can tell what will happen to him."

"Sit down again, and hear what I have to say," said Victorine, angrily.

Grace sat down, her bonnet in her hand, and hurriedly wrapping her shawl around her.

"Arthur is ill, you know as well as I do," continued Victorine. "Did it never occur to you what was the cause of his illness?"

"Seeing the dead woman, I suppose," said Grace, rummaging in her pocket, and turning out a heap of letters and other matters into her lap.

"But he did not really see her," said Victorine. "That is quite absurd; you cannot suppose it for a moment."

"I never suppose anything," replied Grace. "He said he did, and there was an end of it. I told him it was very likely somebody dressed up; but Arthur was always obstinate, and never believed what I said."

"It was not somebody dressed up," said Victorine. "How could it be? The spectre has appeared to him so often, and in places where it would be impossible to play a trick of that kind. No, no! There is another reason for it."

"It could not be a real ghost, that we are quite sure of," said Grace, still rummaging over the contents of her pocket. "There is no such thing."

"But it could be a phantom of his brain," said Victorine. "Now do you understand? This might be at fault, and she touched her forehead, and is, all the physicians agree in saying."

Grace stared at her like one bewildered, her countenance expressive of nothing but amazement.

"They say he is mad," continued Victorine, quietly, "and that the lives of rational people may be endangered by him. They say he must be kept for a time under restraint, lest some mischief happen; and that is where he has gone to."

"Arthur, my brother Arthur mad!" cried Grace, staggering, as if struck by a sudden blow.

"Yes, mad," repeated Victorine. "You told me yourself that insanity was in the family. I wish I had known that fact before; it would have been better for us both."

"But he is not—no! he is not!" exclaimed Grace. "You are mistaken—utterly mistaken. Arthur is as sane as I am."

"On some points he is," said Victorine; "but there is a form of that fatal disease when the mind is clear on all subjects save one, and this is the case with Arthur. Talk to him of Constance; remember the adventure in the park; and see if he is not mad," she added, with a smile of triumph.

"Oh, Victorine, do not prove him mad!" cried Grace, in an agony of distress. "For the sake of all that is dear to you in the world, do not. It is so terrible, so frightful a thing."

"I have nothing to do with it," said Victorine, disengaging her dress from Grace's hold.

"Put I will not believe it! Will not, if you tell it me again and again," cried Grace excitedly.

"You may believe it or not, just as you like," said Victorine, rising. "I thought it my duty to tell you he was gone. Shall I send my maid to assist you?"

"But where have they taken him?" asked Grace. "I will go to him this very minute."

"You may not go to him, Grace. Dr. Bowdler has taken him under his care, and positively forbids any one to have access to him. Absolute quiet is the only chance of his recovery."

"And when was this thing done? Oh, you are a cruel set of people!" cried Grace, weeping passionately. "But I will go to him for all the Dr. Bowdlers in the world."

"This thing, as you politely express it, was brought about early this morning, while you were out choosing your new bonnet," said Victorine; "and the cruel set of people are the first physicians of the day, who met here to consult on Arthur's very extraordinary case. They came to the conclusion I have just told you, and took steps accordingly."

"And why did you not tell me before?" cried Grace. "Why did you let me go out?"

"Because you have so little command over yourself, Grace, and might have made matters so much worse," returned Victorine, coolly.

Flushed, undignified and violent, Grace was but a poor match for Victorine, who was almost regal in her self-possession.

"And now," said Grace, rudely, "now you have shut up, Arthur, you will marry Lord Wilcox. That is what it all means, I suppose."

"I shall marry whomever I please," replied Victorine, haughtily. "My prospects in life are not to be blighted because Arthur is mad."

"Yes, you will marry him, I have no doubt!" cried Grace, with a burst of indignation; "but you will meet with no blessing. You will be a miserable woman, Victorine, and some great judgment will fall upon you! See if it does not. There is a just God above us."

Some great judgment! When she reached her chamber, Victorine repeated the words. They had met a response in her heart Grace little thought of. But what were the occasional stings of conscience against ambition, or against a training purely of the world?

To do well for herself was Victorine's religion, and advancement her ideal heaven. Therefore ambition got the mastery, and conscience was silenced, and better impulses were crushed. Even now, as she paced up and down, she seems to trample them beneath her feet. Her eye dilates with pride, and her lip wears a triumphant smile. She has decided—and she is no weak woman to falter or draw back. And when the struggle is over, she drops the veil of calmness over her features, and goes forth with a tranquil bearing, as if at peace with self and all the world. She is used to act out these dramas; half her life is spent upon the stage, and will be till the curtain drops and the drama is at an end.

When Victorine was gone, Grace stamped about the room, and went through a number of extraordinary demonstrations. Having thus relieved her mind, as far as she was able, she finished packing, and dressed herself, ready to start by the very next train. She had not waited many minutes before a servant came to say that a person was in the drawing-room, who wanted to speak to her.

"A person! Who is it?" cried Grace, abruptly.

"Why, miss, it's not a gentleman exactly. It's a countryman like; very plain spoken, and homely to look at."

"Oh, indeed!" said Grace, her heart giving a flutter. "Very well; tell him I am coming directly."

"John Lodge, as sure as I'm alive!" thought Grace. "Dear me! what a pity that I have packed up my new bonnet and put on this shabby old dress! One may be too saving for one's interest sometimes. However, this is not a time for showing off when poor Arthur—"

And tears began to roll down her cheeks. "I am sure Mr. Lodge will be very angry."

Violent abruptness was one of Grace's characteristics. Accordingly, she burst into the drawing-room, saying, with breathless haste,

"Oh, Mr. Lodge, what do you think? They have shut Arthur up in a madhouse!"

Mr. Lodge, who was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and radiant with smiles and good-humor, started back at this alarming intelligence. Nothing could exceed the consternation expressed in his countenance.

"They have, indeed!" continued Grace, "or I should not say so. Victorine has done it, that she may jilt him and marry Lord Wilcox instead. They took him away this morning while I was out, and I shall never see him any more."

Mr. Lodge was at no time remarkable for quickness of comprehension, and these facts suddenly poured upon his devoted head were more than he could for the moment master. That Grace was in trouble, was, however, quite plain to him, and called out his kindly feelings towards her.

"Do not cry, Miss Grace," said John, affectionately; "sit down, and let me hear all about it from beginning to end."

This was an unusually long speech for John to make, and Grace did sit down, and told him the whole story. When she had concluded, Mr. Lodge got up, put his hands in his pockets, and began to whistle and to walk about the room. At length he stopped just before her.

"And what are you going to do, Miss Grace?" he asked.

"To go home by the very next train," she replied.

"Now I would go to Dr. Bowdler's, if I were you," said John, with an air of great wisdom.

"Would you? But I—I—I am alone, and Dr. Bowdler might not admit me," said Grace, hesitatingly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Grace," said John; "but you are not alone, seeing I have come all the way from Wychford to keep you company."

"It was very kind of you, I am sure," Mr. Lodge, said Grace, twisting the end of her shawl into every imaginable shape, "very. But I suppose you will go away again before long?"

"No, I won't go away!" cried John, with wonderful energy.

"Thank you, Mr. Lodge," said Grace; "but you see—"

"I won't!" repeated John, sturdily. "I will go with you to this Dr. What's-his-name, and see Arthur righted, that I will!" And he began to make sundry passes in the air with his stick.

"I do not believe he is mad! and no one shall make me," sobbed Grace.

"Of course not! How can he be, when he is in his right mind!" said John, with great simplicity.

"I told Victorine so," said Grace; "and she went on at me like anything, and all that she might marry Lord Wilcox, and for no other reason in the world."

"Lord Wilcox, indeed!" said Mr. Lodge. "Why didn't he up and lick the scoundrel? I would, as soon as look at him! But come, Miss Grace, we will set off before they find out where we are gone to."

"Yes, that we will," said Grace; "but, Mr. Lodge, I do not know where Dr. Bowdler lives even."

"Never mind," said Mr. Lodge, "we will find it out. Perhaps there is a card or something that will tell us." And he began to rummage among the contents of Victorine's elegant card basket.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed. "Dr. Bowdler, Manchester Square. That is capital! Now then."

"You have not been at our house lately, have you, Mr. Lodge?" asked Grace, as she pinned her shawl on at the glass.

"I?" said he. "No, Miss Grace."

"I thought you might just happen to know how the servants were going on, that is all," said Grace. "I dare say they are having a fine time of it! Heads out of window from morning till night, I will be bound!"

"I did see a head, now I remember, as I went by last night," said Mr. Lodge.

"You did, did you?" cried Grace, turning quickly round. "Ah! that is just how it is! One need have eyes in the back of one's head! Servants are such a set! That was Martha, I know! She is such a good-for-nothing!"

"I think we had better start," said John, unwilling to hear the point discussed.

"But I must have my boxes," said Grace. "I cannot go without my boxes. They are all ready packed and corded. I did them myself."

"There was scarcely any need for that, I should think," said John, slightly annoyed.

"Oh yes, there was!" replied Grace. "The servants here are worse than anywhere; they do nothing at all. If mistresses will—"

"Shall I ring and inquire after your boxes?" said John, who relished these domestic disquisitions as little as Arthur did.

"Yes, if you like," said Grace; "but here is Victorine. Well, Victorine, you see I am going."

"Good morning, Mr. Lodge, I hope I see you quite well," said Victorine, politely.

"Quite well, thank you, Miss Ferrars," said John, stiffly.

"You are come to escort Grace home, I suppose? But will you not take some refreshment before you start?" said Victorine, and she laid her hand upon the bell.

"We are not going home yet," said Grace, with her usual want of tact; "we are going to Dr. Bowdler's first."

"Indeed! And have you his address?" returned Victorine, with imperturbable coolness. "Ah! I see you have. But he usually resides out of town, and it is there where you will find him," and she took a card and wrote an address upon it. "I am glad I spared you going on a fruitless errand."

"Thank you, Miss Ferrars," said John, rather fascinated, in spite of himself, by Victorine's easy politeness. "I am truly sorry to hear of what has happened, and as Mr. Leslie's friend, I thought it right just to see if I—"

"Quite right, Mr. Lodge. Only I regret to say you can do him no manner of good," said Victorine, kindly; "still, if it is any satisfaction to you to see Dr. Bowdler, I would certainly have you do so. In the meantime I assure you that everything is being done for Arthur that can be done, and the rest we must leave in the hands of Providence."

"Can this woman be as heartless as Grace represented?" thought John. He looked into her clear brown eyes, and scanned her open forehead. It was a lovely mask with which to hide deception, if it were a mask, and while John looked he doubted. "The truth is, Miss Ferrars," said John, "from what I have heard just now, I was afraid Mr. Leslie had not had fair play. The thing was done so hurriedly, and in a corner."

"If it had been done a month ago, Dr. Bowdler says he would never have had this last attack," returned Victorine. "Has Grace told you about the disaster in the park?"

"No, that she has not," replied John.

"Ah! I will enlighten you on that point," said Victorine. "But pray be seated, and I must insist on your taking some refreshment."

Now, as it happened, Mr. Lodge was very hungry, and the prospect of lunch was decidedly pleasant to him. Then he liked to hear Victorine talk, she talked so well, and he felt sure that Grace had slandered her. Such a beautiful woman could do no wrong. Besides, the incident she was going to tell him might throw some light on the subject. He ought in fairness to hear both sides of the question. So he sat down and heard it.

Victorine related the story with great minuteness. It was a vivid picture she drew of Arthur's wild, reckless race; of the fearful danger in which her mother was placed; of the one step between them both and instant death.

John listened with breathless attention, and his cheek grew pale. No wonder, now, that Arthur should have been considered mad.

"You never told me this," said he, turning to Grace with a look of reproach.

"It is very natural that Grace should feel excited on the subject," said Victorine. "I pay no regard to her animadversions. I leave the future to vindicate my conduct. I have done what, under the circumstances, was the best and kindest. I am sure you will allow that, if you only take the trouble to examine the matter."

John liked her to appeal to him. It flattered his vanity that such a grand lady as Miss Ferrars, and so handsome too, should deem it worth her while to enter into explanation with him. And what she said had so much weight with it—was so full of apparent truth and sincerity. Unconsciously he had become her champion. Then with regard to Arthur, the proofs of derangement that she laid before him were so convincing. Who ever was haunted by a spectre unless his mind was unhinged? And what dangers might not result if he were suffered to go on unrestrained?

"He has already endangered the life of my dear mother," said Victorine, "and how could I permit it to go on? How could I be expected, Mr. Lodge, to unite myself to a madman?" And the slight color that rose to her cheek made her appear more beautiful than ever.

"Oh, no, decidedly not. Of course not," said John, hastily.

"And yet so unreasonable is the world that I expect to hear bitter things about myself," continued Victorine. "Those who know the truth will do me the justice to declare it. I ask nothing more than this."

"I am sure they will," cried John, drinking in her words, and believing every one of them.

"Thank you, Mr. Lodge. The sympathy of a kind, honest heart is very grateful to me," said Victorine, with a smile, the sweetness and sorrowfulness of which completely bewitched him.

"You need not pity her," interposed Grace, roughly, and out of patience with this new piece of acting; "she is going to marry a lord, let him comfort her."

"Hush, Miss Grace! for shame!" said John, half angrily. His sympathies were now entirely with Victorine.

"Lord Wilcox is my friend," replied Victorine, with dignity; "if Grace chooses to misrepresent the matter, it is no fault of mine. I cannot afford to lose a friend just now."

"Friend, indeed! when you are engaged to him, and before Arthur's very face!" cried Grace, flushing violently.

"Arthur's testimony can hardly stand good now," said Victorine; "but you must excuse me, Mr. Lodge; I am shaken and ill, and little able to contend with—"

"Now that was too bad of you for anything, Miss Grace! Really shameful!" cried John, indignantly, and wretched at Victorine's departure; "I wonder at you!"

"And I wonder at you to be taken in, in that way," retorted Grace, much exasperated, and intensely jealous.

"I am not taken in," said John. "She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

John had never seen her before, except at a distance. During her stay at Wychford his selfishness had caused him to absent himself entirely.

"Oh, indeed!" cried Grace, tying her bonnet-strings with a jerk that brought them both off.

"Yes, and the most ill-used," continued John. "Poor thing! I dare say she loves your brother, and is quite broken-hearted about him. I have a great mind to—"

"Stay and comfort her, by all means," interrupted Grace, spitefully; "and I will go home by myself."

"Well, I am sure she wants comfort, if any one ever did," said John, with feeling.

"I am quite ready to go, Mr. Lodge, and my boxes are in the hall," said Grace. "Am I to have the pleasure of your company or am I not?"

"There is no such violent hurry," replied John, slowly drawing on his gloves. "We need not go to Dr. Bowdler's now."

"Oh, no! Arthur may be left to his fate, because Victorine has a pretty face," said Grace, in an aggravating manner.

"Miss Grace, you are very unjust," said John, coloring.

"You would like to see her again, I dare say. By all means stay behind," said Grace, who was fast getting into a passion. "I can take care of myself, thank goodness! I do not want any one to see me home."

"I certainly do wish to see Miss Ferrars again, and ask if I can be of any service to her," said John, trying to command himself, for Grace appeared really odious at that minute.

"Then stay where you are," said Grace, rudely; "she will not marry you, for there is Lord Wilcox on the carpet! However, you can but ask her," and Grace went out into the hall, and after making a great noise and scolding about her boxes, got into the carriage and drove off in high dudgeon.

Victorine's face wore a smile of triumph, when, half an hour afterwards, she went back to the drawing-room and found Mr. Lodge sitting on the sofa waiting patiently for her return. It was something to have Grace gone, and the storm allayed without any serious damage. It would be worth while to spend a little civility on this countryman, whose very existence had, till now, been a matter of indifference to her. She would like to send him home her champion, and so put a check on Grace's violent representations, and the task would not be very difficult.

"And so Grace is gone, Mr. Lodge," said she. "I am very sorry that she should have left us under such unpleasant circumstances."

"Yes, Miss Grace is gone," stammered John, blushing up to the ears.

"And you have been ungallant enough to fail her, I see," continued Victorine.

"Yes—I—I wished to tell you, Miss Ferrars, that if I could be of any use to you it would make me very happy indeed," said John, summoning up all the courage he possessed.

"That is very kind of you," said Victorine, gratefully.

"But can I be of any use, Miss Ferrars?" he asked.

"Indeed you can," she replied.

"Oh, do tell me how?" cried John, venturing to look her in the face.

"You can represent my actions fairly, Mr. Lodge, and so stem the torrent of poor Grace's excited speeches. I can quite forgive her. It is natural, under the circumstances, that she should feel keenly, and leap to conclusions that are unwarrantable."

"If it is natural it is not right, and I do not approve her conduct in the least," replied John, "not in the least!" he repeated with emphasis.

Victorine smiled again. She owed Grace a grudge, and this was the time for repaying it.

"Poor Grace is of a warm temperament, and we must not judge her too hastily," said Victorine, with an air of forbearance and gentleness that none could better assume. "Besides, her sorrow is very great, and we should deal tenderly with it. I reproach myself with even appearing to resent her unkindness."

"You did not resent it; and sorrow need not make people unkind. Besides, you must feel quite as much as she does," said John, bluntly.

"Yes, I do feel," replied Victorine, raising her handkerchief to her eyes; "but no one regards my feelings."

"I am sure, Miss Ferrars, people will regard them. You are greatly to be pitied! I pity you with all my heart!" said John, warmly.

At any other time the compassion of Mr. John Lodge would have made Victorine curl her lip with scorn. But just now it suited her to pay it some respect, and she replied graciously.

"Thank you, Mr. Lodge. I can fully appreciate your sympathy."

John's heart bounded with joy. There was something in Miss Ferrars's manner that put him completely at his ease. He never felt less bashful in his life. But Victorine had no intention of inflicting his society upon herself a moment longer than was necessary, especially as Lord Wilcox was close at hand. So after allowing him to bask a little time in the sunshine of her favor, she courteously dismissed him. She was going from home; numerous engagements just then pressed upon her. For some time to come she should shut herself up in retirement; where, she had scarcely decided. He should hear tidings of Arthur from her mother. And so Mr. Lodge was politely bowed out, and took his way back to Wychford, vowing fidelity to Victorine with all his heart!

(To be continued.)

THE KANSAS CHRONICLES.

THE army correspondent of the Missouri Democrat recently visited the camp of the Kansas 1st, where he found the first chapter of the "Kansas Chronicles" as follows:

"1. Man that is born of woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the Kansas 1st, is of few days, and short of 'rattons.'"

"2. He cometh forth at 'reveille,' is present also at 'retreat,' yea even at 'tattoo,' and retireth, apparently, at 'taps.'"

"3. He draweth his ration from the commissary, and devoureth the same. He striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied. He filleteth his canteen with *aqua pura*, and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while goeth away rejoicing in his strategy!"

"4. Much soldiering hath made him sharp; yea, even the seat of his breeches are in danger of being cut through."

"5. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens, and much honey and milk, to be paid promptly at the end of each ten days; and lo! his regiment moveth on the ninth day to another post!"

"6. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbage, turnips, krait, and other delicate morsels of a dullest delicious taste, which abound not in the Commissary Department."

"7. And many other things not in the 'return,' and which never will return; yet, of a truth, it must be said of the soldier of the Kansas 1st that of a surety he taketh nothing which he cannot reach!"

"8. He fireth his mimic rifle at midnight and the whole camp is aroused and formed in line, when lo! his mess comes bearing in a nice porker which he solemnly declareth so resembled a seceder that he was compelled to pull trigger!"

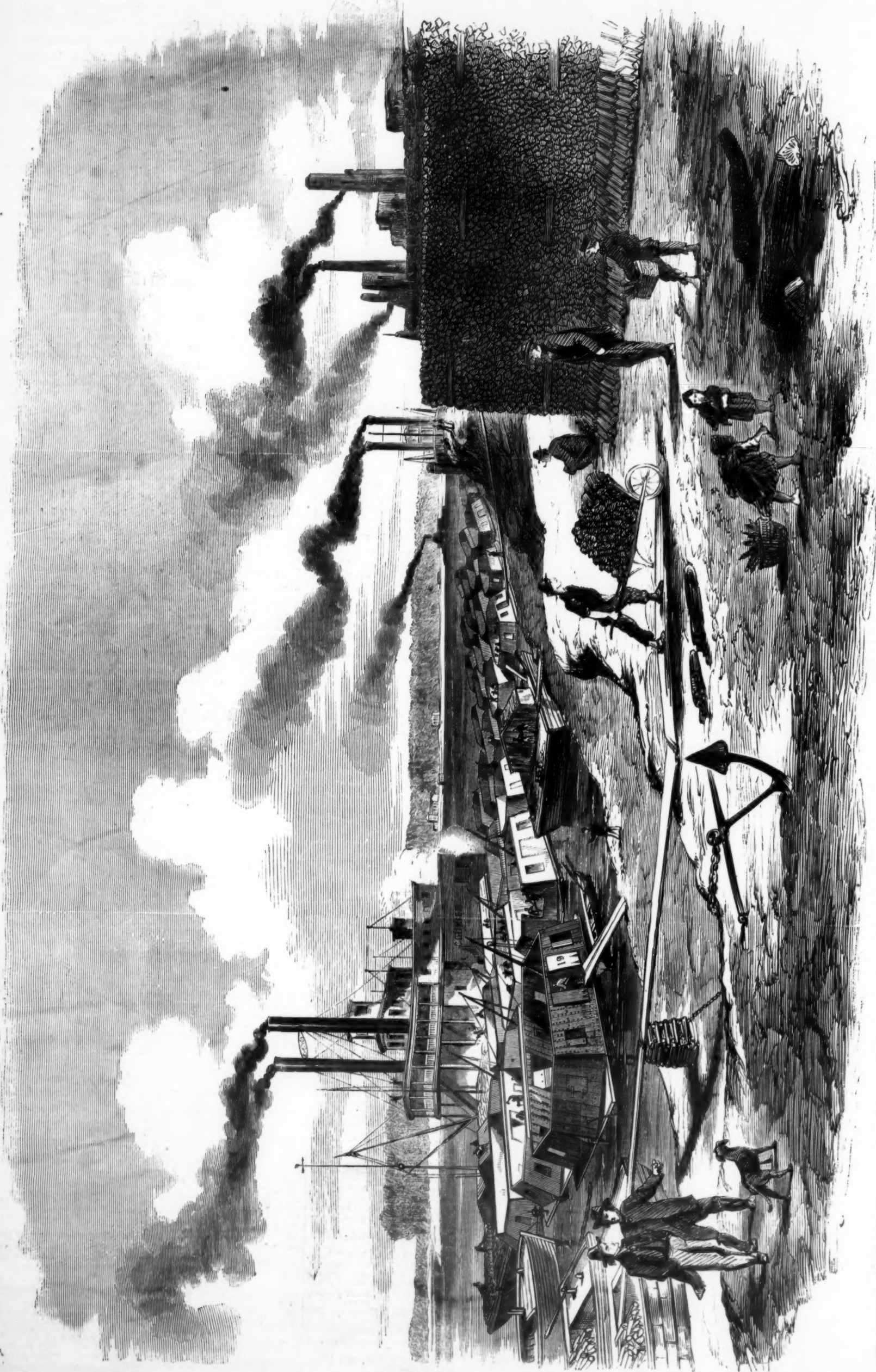
"9. He giveth the Provost-Marshal much trouble, often capturing his guard, and sometimes himself of the city."

"10. At such times lager and pretzels flow like milk and honey from his generous hand. He giveth without stint to his own comrade, yea, and withholdeth not from the lauk expectant Hoosier of the 'Indiana 24th.'"

"11. The grunt of a pig, or the crowing of a cock, awakeneth him from the slumber of peace, he be somewhere forth, until lulled by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his broad basket, and the guard in commiseration alloweth him to pass to the rear."

"12. No sooner hath he passed the sentry's post than he striketh a 'hee-haw' for the nearest honker, and, seizing a pair of pullets, roareth, soliloquizing to himself: 'The noise of a goose saved Rome, how much more the flesh of chicken preserveth the soldier.'"

"13. He playeth euchre with the person whether there shall be preaching in camp on the Sabbath, and by dexterously 'turning a Jack' from the bottom, postponeth the service."



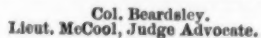
NE AT THE UPPER FERRY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI—CONSTRUCTION OF FLOATING MORTAR BATTERIES, ETC., BY ORDER OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. HALLECK'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 102.

ALMER'S

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Col. Howell.

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Judge E. L. Hearne, Counsel for Prisoner.
Hon. Reverdy Johnston, Counsel for Prisoner.

ALMER'S BUILDING, WASHINGTON. GENERAL CASEY PRESIDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

ters of Captain Boyd, Provost-Marshall of the Alexandria division, near the headquarters of General Franklin.

When the solemn procession started from the right and marched through the lane between the double line of soldiers, the band of the First regiment played the "Dead March" in Saul. As the cortege moved slowly along each regimental band played with thrilling effect a dirge while it was passing. Several hundreds of spectators had gathered upon the outside of the square. Many others, who had heard a vague report that a soldier was to be shot, were hurrying to the field from all quarters, on foot, on horseback and in carriages. As the procession moved, a multitude outside of the line moved with it to watch the appearance of the doomed man. He sat in the wagon, at the left of the chaplain, with his head bowed down and inclined towards the priest, and they seemed to be engaged in the holy offices of the Church. The prisoner never raised his head, nor was his attention diverted from the consolations administered by the reverend Father.

The deepest solemnity pervaded the ranks of the soldiers. As the escort approached the left of the division, and, turned into the field on the open side of the square where the expiation of treason was to take place, the wretched man raised his head and looked upon the sun for the last time. The inner line of soldiers shouldered arms, faced inward upon the square, and all eyes were riveted upon the unhappy criminal until the final act of the tragedy was finished.

The Provost-Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his breast, led the mournful cortege. He was followed by the buglers of the regiment, four abreast, dismounted. Then came the 12 men—one from each company in the regiment, selected by ballot—who constituted the firing party. The arms—Sharp's breech-loading rifle—had been previously loaded under the direction of the Marshal. One was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could positively state that the shot from his rifle killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood stained, and without any inscription, came next, in a one horse wagon. Immediately behind followed the unfortunate man, in an open wagon. About five feet six inches in height, with light hair and whiskers, his eyebrows joining each other, Johnson presented a most forlorn spectacle. He was dressed in cavalry uniform, with the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by Father McAttee, who was in constant conversation with him, while Father Willitt rode behind on horseback. The rear was brought up by Company C of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

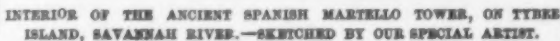
Arriving on the ground at half-past three o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the criminal descended from the wagon. The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his place beside it. The firing party was marched up to

within six paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen. The order of execution was then read to the condemned.

While this order was being read Johnson stood with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the ground. Near the close of the reading one of his spiritual attendants whispered something in his ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few final words before he should leave this world to appear before his Maker. He was conducted close to the firing party, and, in an almost inaudible voice, spoke as follows:

"Boys—I ask forgiveness from Almighty God and from my fellow-men for what I have done. I did not know what I was doing. May God forgive me, and may the Almighty keep all of you from all such sin."

He was then placed beside the coffin again. The troops were



witnessing the whole of these proceedings with the intensest interest. Then the Marshal and the Chaplains began to prepare the culprit for his death. He was too weak to stand; he sat down on the foot of the coffin. Captain Boyd then bandaged his eyes with a white handkerchief. A few minutes of painful suspense intervened while the Catholic clergymen were having their final interview with the unfortunate man. All being ready the Marshal waved his handkerchief as the signal and the firing party discharged the volley. Johnson did not move, remaining in a sitting posture for several seconds after the rifles were discharged; then he quivered a little, and fell over beside his coffin. He was still alive, however, and the four reserves were called to complete the work. It was found that two of the firing party, Germans, had not discharged their pieces and they were immediately put in irons. Johnson was shot several times in the heart by the first volley. Each of the four shots fired by the reserves took effect in his head, and he died instantly. One penetrated his chin, another his left cheek, while two entered the brain just above the left eyebrow. He died at precisely a quarter to four o'clock.

The troops then all marched round, and each man looked on the bloody corpse of his late comrade who had proved a traitor to his country.

He was in his 24th year. We trust this will be the last military execution we shall have to record.

INTERIOR OF THE MARTELLO TOWER, TYBEE
ISLAND. SAVANNAH RIVER.

In our last paper we gave an account of the interior of this interesting relic of ancient Spanish rule in the Southern part of the United States. The last news from our troops state that it has now been converted into a very respectable fortification.

OUR MAPS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

WE publish in our issue of to-day two highly interesting maps. One is of the coast from Pensacola to New Orleans, showing the scope of operations probably contemplated by the forces now stationed on Ship Island, under the command of Col. Phelps, with its strategic relations to the Gulf of Mexico.

The other map is especially noteworthy, as pointing out the exact locality of Capt. Wilkes's seizure of the Rebel Ambassadors, Mason and Slidell.

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 16.—In the Senate, petitions were presented for a repeal of the law excluding Jewish chaplains from the army, for the unconditional abolition of slavery, for the emancipation of the slaves, and for an exchange of prisoners. Mr. Wilson introduced his bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr. Ten Eyck offered a resolution, which was laid over, to the effect that the present war is a constitutional one, that radical measures should not be resorted to, and that the Government cannot prove a traitor in suppressing treason. Resolutions inquiring into the expediency of providing a uniform manner for dealing with the slaves of rebels, for a law to prevent traitors suing for the collection of debts in the courts of the United States. A resolution offered by Mr. Wilkinson, to expel Jesse D. Bright from the Senate of the United States, was referred to the Committee on Judiciary. The Marshal of the District sent in a communication in reply to a resolution of the Senate respecting the confinement of slaves in jail, stating that it was in conformity to an old and uniform custom, but he had not investigated the law upon the subject. A communication from the President, transmitting the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry in the case of Colonel Miles, was referred to the Special Committee. The resolution referring to the arrest of persons in the loyal States was then taken up, which raised a discussion as to the right of the President to suppress the writ of habeas corpus, in which a number of members took part. The bill was finally referred to the Judiciary Committee, by a vote of 25 to 17. After agreeing to a resolution of inquiry as to the cause of the escape of the Sumter, an executive session was held and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, bills were also introduced providing for the relief of Union soldiers, now prisoners in the rebel States. A bill was passed striking from the pension roll the names of all persons in any manner aiding the rebellion. Mr. Vallandigham introduced a preamble and resolution sustaining the Administration in the stand it has taken, respecting the action of Capt. Wilkes in the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The consideration of the bill authorizing the raising of a volunteer force for the defence of Kentucky was then resumed, which called up a discussion upon nearly the whole conduct of the war. The bill passed.

TUESDAY, Dec. 17.—In the Senate, the House bill for raising a volunteer force for the defence of Kentucky was referred to the Military Committee. Several petitions were presented for emancipating the slaves of rebels. A resolution that the army shall not be employed in the surrender of fugitive slaves was laid over. Mr. Sumner criticised the action of the Government in the conduct of the war, animadverting severely on the inactivity of our troops, and saying that it was a military necessity our army should occupy the rebel States. Mr. Lane contended that the Government should take possession of the slaves in order to force their masters into submission. He was replied to by Mr. Carlile, who said he was convinced that the Government had made a great mistake in not appointing Mr. Lane commander of the army. He (Mr. Carlile) contended that the war was a constitutional one, and the army could not be turned into negro catchers. After a few remarks from Mr. McDougall in opposition, on motion of Mr. Grimes, the resolution was laid on the table. The case of the Kansas contested Senatorial seat was taken up, but action postponed. The Chair appointed Messrs. Wade, of Ohio, Chandler, of Michigan, and Johnson, of Tennessee, as the Committee to investigate the general conduct of the war.

In the House, the resolutions of Mr. Elliot, for the emancipation of slaves, being the special order, were taken up. Mr. Hendon offered some points in opposition to them—that Congress has no constitutional power to pass any bills on the subject, that the Administration stands pledged against all interference with slavery, that legislation is forbidden on the subject by every principle of sound policy, and that they would inaugurate a disgraceful war, involving loyal and disloyal in its horrors. On motion of Mr. Kellogg, the resolutions, and all others relating to the subject in the same special order, were referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 77 against 57. A resolution for printing 15,000 copies of the report of the Special Committee to inquire into Government Contracts was referred to the Committee on Printing. Mr. Van Wyck, Chairman of the Investigating Committee, submitted resolutions against making any further payment on account of the charter of the steamboat Cataline, to adjust the claim against the Government for 5,000 Hall carbines purchased by Gen. Fremont, and stating that the practice of employing irresponsible parties for the performance of public duties, and the purchase of supplies by private contracts, are injurious to the public service, and meet the unqualified disapprobation of the House. The consideration of the report was postponed. A bill was reported from the Foreign Affairs Committee, appropriating \$1,000 to pay the owners of the British ship *Perthshire*, for losses incurred in consequence of detention by our blockading fleet off Mobile. In June last, our naval officers at the time acting on a misunderstanding of the circumstances. The bill was finally passed, but not until after it had given rise to a somewhat lengthy and discursive debate. A bill was reported from the Naval Committee to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to construct 20 iron-clad steam gunboats, at a cost from \$500,000 to \$600,000 each, which, after a brief debate, was laid over for further consideration, and the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18.—In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury wanted to know by whose authority Gen. Phelps issued his proclamation at Ship Island. Mr. Sumner moved a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Polk, of Missouri, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the House, the Committee on Elections moved that Mr. Foster, of North Carolina, was not entitled to a seat for that State. \$1,000,000 was voted for the building of gunboats on the Western waters.

THURSDAY, Dec. 19.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a number of numerous signed petitions, in favor of the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to loyal masters. Mr. Willey, of Virginia, offered a resolution to the effect that the existing war was forced upon the country by the rebellious States without provocation, and with the design to destroy the Union and the Constitution, and repudiate the fundamental principles of republican government. Mr. Willey sustained his resolution in a lengthy speech, but without concluding gave way to a motion for an executive session. Subsequently the Senate discussed the resolution of the House to adjourn till the 6th of January, in order to participate in the Christmas holidays, but adjourned without arriving at a determination on the subject.

In the House, the bill providing for the construction of 20 iron-clad steam gunboats, to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem best for the public interest, was debated and passed. The Contract Investigating Committee was directed to inquire whether the transportation of troops by railroad was done by contract or otherwise, and the Secretary of War was directed to furnish all the particulars in his possession on the subject. A bill abolishing the franking privilege was introduced by Mr. Colfax, and the second Tuesday of January assigned for its consideration.

FRIDAY, Dec. 20.—In the Senate there was little of importance, the business being confined to petitions for the expulsion of Bright, Senator Saulsbury calling for a copy of Phelps's Proclamation, and the temporary tabling of the bill to reimburse the owners of the *Perthshire*. Senator Willey, of Virginia, concluded his speech. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Julian, of Indiana, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill so amending the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 as to forbid the capture or return of any fugitive slave without satisfactory evidence that the claimant is loyal to the Government. The House refused to lay the resolution on the table, 78 to 39, and after an attempt to amend it so as to confine its operations to the citizens of seceded States, it was passed by the same vote. A resolution thanking Colonel Mulligan and his command for their defence of Lexington was passed. The House then adjourned to Monday.

PERSONAL.

By the last arrival from England we learn that Sir Peter Laurie, a noted London Alderman, is dead. He was Lord Mayor of that city some 30 years ago. He will, however, be more remembered by posterity from the fact of his being the original of Charles Dickens's Alderman Cute, who in that great author's Christmas story, "The Chimes," declared he would put down suicide.

CHAS. DICKENS, having been named as a candidate for Parliament, writes thus to the London *Daily News* from Newcastle-on-Tyne: "Being here for a day or two, I have observed, in your paper of yesterday, an account of a meeting of Finsbury electors, in which it was discussed whether I should be invited to become a candidate for that borough. It may save some trouble, if you will kindly allow me to confirm a sensible gentleman, who doubted at the meeting whether I was quite the sort of a man for Finsbury. I am not at all the sort of a man, for I believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a parliamentary representative of that place, or of any other under the sun."

CORN BREAD.—The specimens of corn bread, over 200 in all, sent from the various States in competition for the premiums offered by Mr. Judd, of the *American Agriculturist*, indicate the interest taken in the matter. The first premium was given to Mrs. O'Brien, of Carick, Pa.; the second to Mrs. Cornelius, of Locust Valley, L. I.; the third to Mrs. Franklin, of Annapolis, Ind.; and the fourth to Mrs. W. H. Jenkins, of Williamsburg, L. I. The specimens were donated to the Five Points Mission. An exhibition of all sorts of preparations made from Indian corn would prove still more attractive and beneficial. Mr. Judd deserves much credit for his liberality and sagacity in calling attention to so important an "element of life," as Emerson calls Indian corn.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered a lecture at the Cooper Institute, illustrating his principles on the National issues of the day.

He argued that Slavery was directly the cause of the war, and should be so recognized by the Administration. His remarks were listened to by a large audience, and loudly applauded.

LECTURES seem to be the order of the day. Mr. Cornelius Mathews, the distinguished dramatist, is about to give one upon the Rise and Progress of American Humor. By those who remember his earlier writings this will be looked forward to with much interest.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING, husband of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has made his residence permanently in London, where he is preparing for publication a large number of poems, left in manuscript by his wife at her death. It is said that some of her most beautiful and finished productions were written shortly before her decease.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, who has been the centre of the organization of the "Irish Brigade," has been appointed a Brigadier-General by the President.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has taken the editorial charge of the New York *Independent*.

COLONEL MULLIGAN, who commanded the National forces at Lexington, is in the city, where he meets a deserved welcome.

HON. GEORGE W. JONES, of Iowa, late U. S. Minister to New Granada, has been arrested in New York, and committed to Fort Lafayette, under a telegraphic order from Mr. Secretary Seward.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Letter from "A Virginia Lady."

We have received a letter dated and postmarked "Alexandria, Va.," written in a dainty hand, and signed "A Virginia Lady," covering a printed copy of some rhymes headed "The Battle of Manassas," which we are requested to copy. We print the letter entire, correcting a few slight errors in orthography, as showing, among other things, some of the characteristics of "A Virginia Lady," as drawn by herself. If there be a Socrates in Dixie, our correspondent, whom we assume to be fair as well as furious, should certainly be his spouse.

"ALEXANDRIA, VA., December 14th, 1861."

"SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

"Editor of Leslie's Newspaper:"

"I have just read your description of Alexandria; it suits it as it is now; it has afforded us great amusement, I assure you. Alexandria is indeed infested with lean rats, for a leaner, meaner set of men than the Yankees that now inhabit this place has not been known to the oldest inhabitants of Dixie; we have decided that it only requires you and your truthful correspondent to complete the picture.

"You speak truly when you say Alexandria has been in a dream, but she has awakened to the sad realization of its purity being hourly polluted by the presence of Yankee men with their hired wives, and this is one of the Yankee improvements; sooner would we have the cobwebs made by Southern spiders than encounter the hard faces and polluted airs of the horde which has infested our town.

"You seem to imagine that the grand mob of the North will make our city a great place of merchandise; we had every arrival with joy, knowing that it is one more to swell the 'grand army' in their next Bull Run race which the Southern heroes will teach them to accomplish. I perfectly agree with you in your belief that a large number will stay and enlarge the area of Yankeeedom; 4,000 settled at Bull Run, and quite a number at Leesburg. I give you and your truthful correspondent a pressing invitation to come and claim your farm of six feet in Dixie. You speak of civilization and enlightenment as now holding sway over Alexandria; both departed with our soldiers and inhabitants; in their places I see nothing but barbarity and heathenism; I look for nothing more, expect nothing more, while bogus rulers have their sway. Shades of Washington! deliver us from such civilization; nothing but the presence of our own Southern heroes, led on by the victorious General Beauregard, and overshadowed by the glorious Stars and Bars which has been made sacred by its first baptism in the blood of the martyred Jackson, can again restore it to its former purity. From the day that the Abolition hireling Ellsworth with his horde of cut-throats and robbers invaded the sacred soil of Virginia to the end of time will the name of James Jackson be held sacred to the hearts of the South; and with that name and nothing more for our battle cry we will defeat all the armies that the combined powers of the North can bring against us. I do not wish you to think that I subscribe to your budget of lies; I would not insult the South so much by such an act; but I see it every week; if my influence would avail anything you would not have one subscriber south of the Quaker City. I really sympathize with your subscribers; they look in vain for something edifying; have compassion upon them and copy the enclosed verses; they certainly deserve something for their patience; I need not tell you that they breathe the sentiments of the entire South.

"There is one thing which your correspondent overlooked in noting the improvements here, and that is the third plague which was sent upon Pharaoh; perhaps this is one of the improvements which came too near home to mention.

"Before closing I must tell you of the great Union meetings which are held here; it is said they have 600 members belonging to it, composed of the soldiers and strangers who have come here to stop until our army drives them to Yankeeedom; we have, and I am proud to say it, but ten traitors in our midst; I wish you distinctly to understand me, but ten Alexandrians born here; strange to say, out of so many loyal citizens the largest vote given here on the 6th election day was 130. Can you explain that? If so, I wish you would enlighten the people of Alexandria.

"I give you and your truthful correspondent a cordial invitation in behalf of our soldiers to pay them a visit; I will insure you a true Virginia welcome at either Bull Run, Manassas or Leesburg.

"With much contempt for you and the whole of Yankee land, hoping to hear soon that your bones are bleaching in the much abused South, I am still A VIRGINIA LADY."

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY MRS. CLARK,

Wife of Colonel Clark, 14th Regiment North Carolina.

Dedicated to General Beauregard, C. S. A.

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts!" oh, bless and praise His name, That He hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to shame; And honor to our Beauregard, who conquered in His might, And for our children's children won Manassas bloody fight. Oh let our thankful prayers ascend, our joyous praise resound, For God—the God of victory, our untried flag hath crowned!

They brought a mighty army to crush us with a blow, And in their pride they laughed to scorn the men they did not know; Fair women came to triumph with the heroes of the day, When "the boasting Southern rebels" should be scattered in dismay. And for their conquering Generals a lordly feast they spread; But the wine in which we pledged them was all of ruby red!

The feast was like Belshazzar's—in terror and dismay, Before our conquering heroes their Generals ran away. God had weighed them in the balance; and His hand upon the wall, At the taking of Fort Sumter, had foredoomed them to their fall. But they would not heed the warning, and scoffed in unbelief, Till their scorn was changed to wailing, and their laughter into grief!

All day the fight was raging, and amid the cannon's peal Rang the cracking of our rifles, and the clashing of our steel; But above the din of battle our shout of triumph rose, As we charged upon their batteries, and turned them on our foes. We stood not for our fallen; and we thought not of our dead, Until the day was ours, and the routed foe had fled.

But once our spirits faltered—Bee and Bartow both were down, And our gallant Colonel Hampton lay wounded on the ground; But Beauregard, God bless him! led the legion in his stead, And Johnston seized the colors, and waved them o'er his head. E'en a coward must have followed when such heroes led the way; And no dastard blood was flowing in Southern veins that day!

But every arm was strengthened, and every heart was stirred, When shouts of "Davis! Davis!" along our lines were heard; As he rode into the battle the joyful news flew fast— And the dying raised their voices, and cheered him as he passed. Oh! with such glorious leaders, in Cabinet and field, The gallant Southern chivalry will die, but never yield!

But from the wings of Victory the shafts of death were sped, And our pride is dashed with sorrow when we count our noble dead, Though in our hearts they're living—and to our sons we'll tell How gloriously our Fisher and our gallant Johnson fell; And the name of each we'll cherish as an honor to his State, And teach our boys to envy, and if need be, meet their fate.

"Then glory to the Lord of Hosts!" oh bless and praise His name, For He hath battled in our cause and brought our foes to shame. And honor to our Beauregard, who conquered in His might, And for our children's children won Manassas bloody fight. Oh! let our grateful prayers ascend, our joyous praise resound, For God, the God of Victory, our untried flag hath crowned!

THE Richmond *Enquirer* says the Southern people can raise any article of Yankee industry. Some witty wag coolly asks, Why don't they raise the blockade?

WHY is a blind canary-bird like Virginia? Because she cannot see seed.

WAR NEWS.

News from the Stone Fleet.

THE New Bedford *Standard* says: "A letter has been received at this office, dated on board flagship Garland, Port Royal Roads, December 11, from which we gather the following items of news:

"The Garland arrived off Savannah on the 9th, and at Port Royal on the 10th, all well. The last of the fleet arrived on the 11th. The fleet had a very rough passage, several of the vessels arriving crippled and leaky; but the old, crazy, rotten Garland arrived with her main royal yard aloft, and all right.

"The bark South America was deposited at Savannah, together with one New York and one Sag Harbor ship.

"A letter from Capt. Willis, of the Rebecca Sims, states that 14,000 soldiers are stationed at one island, 4,000 on another, and 4,000 at Beaufort, and so they are distributed along the coast in that neighborhood. Capt. Willis thinks the New Bedford ships are to go to Charleston."

From Ship Island, Miss.

THE following is an extract from a private letter from the Acting-Master of the De Soto, dated Ship Island, December 7:

"The U. S. ship Montgomery arrived here the day before we did, and reports having been attacked by two privateers, armed with rifle cannon, off Horse Island, and was obliged to run from them. "Yesterday (Dec. 6) five rebel steamers came out from the opposite shore and looked at us. They were very careful not to get into deep water, but kept in close to the land, where they knew we could not follow them. We have one small steamer here, called the New London, and as soon as the rebels see her get under way to cruise outside, they come out and show themselves, but as soon as she appears in the offing back they go again, for they know she is the only one of the fleet here that can follow them into shoal water."

Occupation of Beaufort, S. C.

BEAUFORT was occupied on Friday, December 6. The 60th Pennsylvania volunteers of General Stevens's brigade landed in the town during the afternoon; pickets were thrown out, and the island formally occupied. General Stevens and staff accompanied the first regiment, and settled quietly down in a splendid mansion on the upper end of the main street, which they have selected as headquarters. It was the late residence of a Rev. Mr. Smith, a clergyman of Beaufort, who lived in a very elegant style, surrounded by every comfort and luxury one could desire.

On Saturday, December 7, the entire brigade of General Stevens were landed at Beaufort, and a light battery, in charge of Lieutenant Rankin, of Hamilton's battery. The men were obliged to bivouac in the streets, in the open air for the night, as General Stevens had expressly forbidden the officers allowing soldiers to quarter in houses. Their quarters were very airy, and not so comfortable as might be. However, all this will be obviated in a day, when they will get their tents up and again enjoy camp life. The positions occupied at Beaufort are much healthier and more desirable in every point of view than those on Hilton Head or Bay Point. Both of the latter points are decidedly unhealthy, and I trust that the necessity of occupying them may have passed away before hot weather comes again. Even at the present time, probably the most healthy season of the year, a good deal of sickness prevails among the soldiers, and with the spring and summer months must come those terrible fevers that decimate troops and fill graveyards with the dead.

Union Victory on the Potomac.

A BRISK conflict took place at noon, Dec. 20th, on the lines in front of Washington. Gen. McCall's brigade went out in the morning on a foraging expedition towards Drainsville. His advance force, commanded by Gen. Ord, consisted of four regiments of infantry, a regiment of Pennsylvania rifles and Easton's battery. Near Drainsville a fire was opened on them by the rebels, numbering four regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, who were concealed in the bushes. The fire was returned from our rifles and the battery, and after an hour's fighting the rebels fled towards Fairfax Court House, with a loss of 150 killed and wounded, together with two caissons of ammunition and a quantity of clothing and stores. Gen. McCall had ordered up Gen. Reynolds to a point on the Leesburg turnpike to support Gen. Ord, in anticipation of an attack; but before Generals Reynolds and McCall reached the field of action, the rebels had been defeated by the fire of Easton's batteries and the rifles of Col. Kane's Pennsylvania regiment. Among their killed was Col. Tom Taylor, of Frankfort, Ky., and commander of the 1st Kentucky regiment of rebels. The forces of the enemy consisted of three infantry regiments, 1st and 11th Kentucky and 10th Alabama, with a cavalry regiment and a battery, all under command of Col. John H. Forney, of the 10th Alabama, Acting Brigadier-General. The National loss was 10 killed and 15 wounded. We give Gen. McCall's official report of the action:

DRAINSVILLE, Dec. 20—4 P. M.

Gen. Ord's brigade, with the 1st regiment of Pennsylvania rifles and Easton's battery of artillery, had a brisk affair with the enemy, consisting of four regiments and a battery of artillery, near this place at 12 M. to-day.

I arrived during the action, and sent for Gen. Reynolds, who was left at Difficult Run. The enemy was defeated, and fled before Gen. Reynolds arrived.

We have found 40 killed of the enemy and 10 wounded on the field. Our loss is two killed and three wounded. We have taken two caissons, with the harnesses, the horses having been killed.

The regiment of rifles behaved finely. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane was very slightly wounded, but is still in the field. I have collected the dead and wounded, and am about to move back to camp.

GEORGE A. MCCALL, Brigadier-General Commanding.

BOOK NOTICE.

MAUM GUINEA AND HER PLANTATION "CHILDREN." BY MRS. VICTOR. Beadle & Co., New York.

MR. Beadle's new story of "Maum Guinea" is most happily timed—without any of that one-sidedness which made Uncle Tom's Cabin so tabooed a book by all moderate minded men and women. Although full of "sensations," it cannot be termed a sensational romance, since its influence is at once truthful, exhilarating and healthful. Despite its apparently hackneyed subject, it may yet be called a novelty in literature. Although the fact is no recommendation on our side of the Atlantic, we may as well add that two editions have been sold in England. At the present time we advise all who wish to see slave life daguerreotypically to read Beadle's new novel of Maum Guinea.

A USEFUL AND MOST SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.—One of the most remarkable successes of the season is "Rickards' Union Prize Stationery, Recipe and Envelope Package." In one large package, for which only 25 cents is charged, will be found a supply of fine note paper, steel pens and holders, pencil and blotting paper; also, a supply of fine envelopes, a striking likeness of General McClellan, 75 valuable recipes, and a gift of jewellery, worth at retail double the price paid for the whole. This seems an impossibility, but it is readily understood when the extraordinary sale of the "Union Packages" is known. There is literally a rush for them; the demand extends all over the country, and several thousands of them have been sold every day. Rickards' Union Package is a bona-fide bargain, and its success is the result of its excellence. It is a cheap and beautiful holiday gift, at once useful and ornamental. It can be procured at the office of Rickards & Co., 102 Nassau street.

IMPORTANT TO THE LOVERS OF CHAMPAGNE.—There is every class of this delicious wine in the market, and the demand at the present moment is equal to any previous season. It is the only beverage that ladies can drink; it is the aristocracy of all vinegars, and it is as healthy and sparkling to the brim of the quail and delicate fountain glass, bright eyes glance and cherry-tinted lips sip the delicious nectar, from which arises that exquisite vivacity and spirituelle conversation which are the charms of refined society. Among the richest and ripest of the champagne wines, we must mention the "Charles Heidsieck Brand." It is of rare and admirable quality, and is the most popular of all the well-known and fashionable brands. The agents of this superb wine are Messrs. Bayard & Berard, of 109 Pearl street; and our friends at this festive season would do well to send their orders to them forthwith.

BROWN'S BABY JUMPER.—We have before called the attention of all mothers, young and old, to this admirable invention, which strips maternity of half its trouble. It is a blessing to a household, as it may be called a nursemaid, without her indolence, negligence or caprice. Its motion is uniform, soothing and healthful. It is at once a toy and a help. Mr. Willis, an ex-célebrity authority on such subjects, says, "That it outdoes the best of mammæ, and throws the most untiring nurse into the shade." He also adds, that mothers will have very little to do in the future—a dangerous encouragement in these bad times.

THE HOLIDAY HAT.—Knox is in good season with his Hat for the Holidays, and those who wish to sport one of the most elegant fabrics ever turned out from his popular establishment, neat, stylish and comfortable, can procure it by calling at No. 212 Broadway, corner of Fulton St. KNOX understands the wants of the public thoroughly, as this elegant specimen of his skill proves. Buy your Holiday Hat of KNOX. 319

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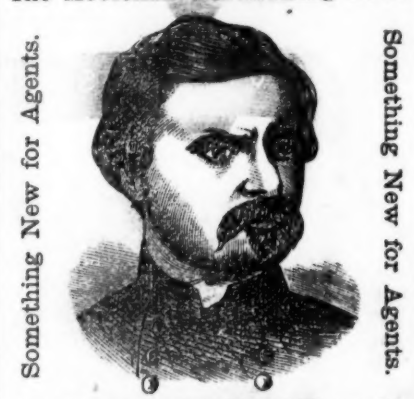
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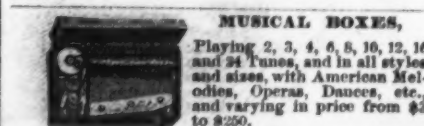
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